

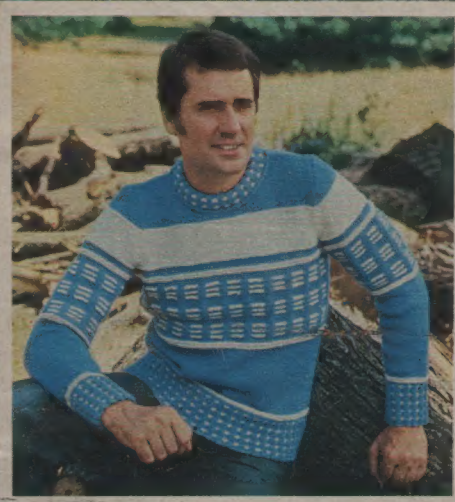
FAMED FOR ITS FICTION

*maylin*

4th SEPTEMBER 1976

# WOMAN'S WEEKLY

**KNITTING FOR YOU  
AND YOUR MAN**



**PLANNING A FLATLET  
FOR GRANNY  
ONE FAMILY'S  
CLEVER SOLUTION**

**DENMARK'S  
FAIRYLAND—  
BRITAIN'S  
CONTRIBUTION**

**9<sub>P</sub>**

Australia 40c  
Malta 9c  
South Africa 35c  
Canada 75c  
Malaysia S1.25  
New Zealand 40c





## Could my skin really be soft as silk and stay that way?



**A skin as soft as silk. It's a beautiful thought and an even lovelier reality. But lovely skin never came by wishing: all skin needs very special care if you want to have a complexion that's as pretty as it should be.**

'Oil of Ulay'\* is a unique blend of tropical moist oils which enrich and protect your skin—in fact 'Oil of Ulay' helps nature to help you. You'll find it's a pleasure to let 'Oil of Ulay' look after your skin, its gentle moisture refreshing your complexion and establishing a softness and beauty that's yours for keeps.

What's more, the kind of care you get with regular use of 'Oil of Ulay' beauty fluid not only results in an improvement in the general look of your skin but can also give it the texture you desire.

### What care will make my skin softer?

We live and work in drying central heating, and whenever we step outside smoke and fumes are part of our everyday atmosphere. These damage our complexions, coarsening pores, drying and prematurely ageing the skin. To counteract these outside forces our skin needs some very special attention. Protection is the key word and there is no better way to combine

care and protection than can be found in 'Oil of Ulay'. This moist, pink fluid sinks in quickly, without a trace of grease. It plumps up parched skin cells to replace the moisture your skin is constantly losing and to guard against dehydration. Smooth on Oil of Ulay' night and morning to keep your skin protected and to help it regain the natural softness that would otherwise just evaporate into thin air.

### As I grow older can my skin stay looking young?

As we age, nature is less inclined to keep up the constant flow of moisture that keeps young skin so supple. However, there is no need ever to let your skin become tired and dry. When nature begins to slow down it's time for some outside help, and this is where 'Oil of Ulay' comes in. Its blend of tropical moist oils can recreate the conditions under which your skin is at its best, encouraging it to retain moisture and to stay supple and smooth.

**If you have any further questions about how to care for your skin in the cold weather write to Margaret Merill, P.O. Box 57, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 1LZ, for more information.**

**When you use 'Oil of Ulay' you can feel the difference that everyone else can see.**

\*Registered Trademark.



## This is your week

BY MADAME FRANCESCA

### AQUARIUS

**21st January to 19th February**  
Planetary influences are favourable for most things this week. You should find you can make headway now with everything working according to plan. An unexpected gain is possible.

### PISCES

**20th February to 20th March**  
A change of scene provides you with an opportunity to relax. You will find this particularly welcome as although you have plodded on regardless, you have been using up a lot of nervous energy lately.

### ARIES

**21st March to 20th April**  
Two events are likely to occur this week, one rather disappointing and the other exceptionally encouraging, but they will practically coincide. Keep a clear head so that you do not muddle your arrangements.

### TAURUS

**21st April to 21st May**  
Stimulating influences set the pace for you. Concentrate on home interests and give as much time as possible to junior members—they will enjoy extra attention. An outing at the weekend would go down well.

### GEMINI

**22nd May to 22nd June**  
Something arranged for this week may have to be postponed. When selecting alternative dates, make sure there is no mix-up. Extra time and effort put into planning now could save problems later on.

### CANCER

**23rd June to 23rd July**  
Take care that you are not too easily impressed by a newcomer to your circle as this stranger may not be as sincere as he seems. You may find a new hobby to take up connected with a subject that interests you.

### LEO

**24th July to 23rd August**  
New responsibilities may be placed on your shoulders in the early part of the week. Adapt yourself to any unusual circumstances which crop up as it is possible that you will have a decision to make.

### VIRGO

**24th August to 23rd September**  
Splendid opportunities now to increase your income. Changes which you have contemplated should be shelved for the time being. Your personal charm and friendliness stand in your favour and bring recognition.

### LIBRA

**24th September to 23rd October**  
Common sense handling of a delicate matter should pave the way to a much happier time for you. Better prospects and improved conditions are clearly indicated. This is a good time to strengthen friendships.

### SCORPIO

**24th October to 22nd November**  
Influential people might tempt you to make changes. If you are wise you will stick to a familiar routine at the present time. Happiness and true contentment are to be found in your own circle.

### SAGITTARIUS

**23rd November to 22nd December**  
A busy time when one unexpected event is likely to follow very quickly on another so be prepared for plenty of activity. The present phase is one of enterprise and initiative. Interviews could prove very successful.

### CAPRICORN

**23rd December to 20th January**  
Whatever your decisions on a certain matter may be, stick to them as someone may try to change your mind. It will be in your own interest to insist on taking the lead and to disregard any opposition.



# Nature says the first day of spring is on March 21st. We say it's a cold grey day in December.

Hyacinths are in full bloom. Crocuses are starting to show. Buds are beginning to appear on tulips.

And it's not even Christmas yet.

A freak of nature?

No. Indoor bulbs.

Many bulbs can be coaxed into making an early debut.

Read on and we'll tell you how simple it is.

## How do we coax them?

For a bulb to flower properly it first has to develop strong roots.

This is done by planting the bulb in a container and then leaving the container in a cool, airy, frost-free place such as a garage or cellar.

Or by placing the container under six inches of earth in the garden.

It allows the roots to grow naturally and the stem and leaves to develop inside the bulb.

After at least 12 weeks the bulb is fully stimulated, which means it's now ready to grow upwards.

So the next step is to move the container into the room.

Because it's now in a higher temperature, the bulb will grow very quickly, and after three to four weeks it should be in full flower.



This is what we call bulb forcing.

## Get the most from your containers.

A crowded bowl will invariably look more attractive than the odd plant here and there.

This is especially the case with smaller bulbs such as crocuses.

The only thing to remember is not to let the bulbs touch each other, or the sides of the pot.

In the case of hyacinths, you can even grow them in water in special glass containers.

## Every bulb is checked.

If you follow these simple rules you can't fail to get beautiful results.

We make sure of that by checking every bulb.

When we're satisfied with what we see, we grant each batch a certificate of health.

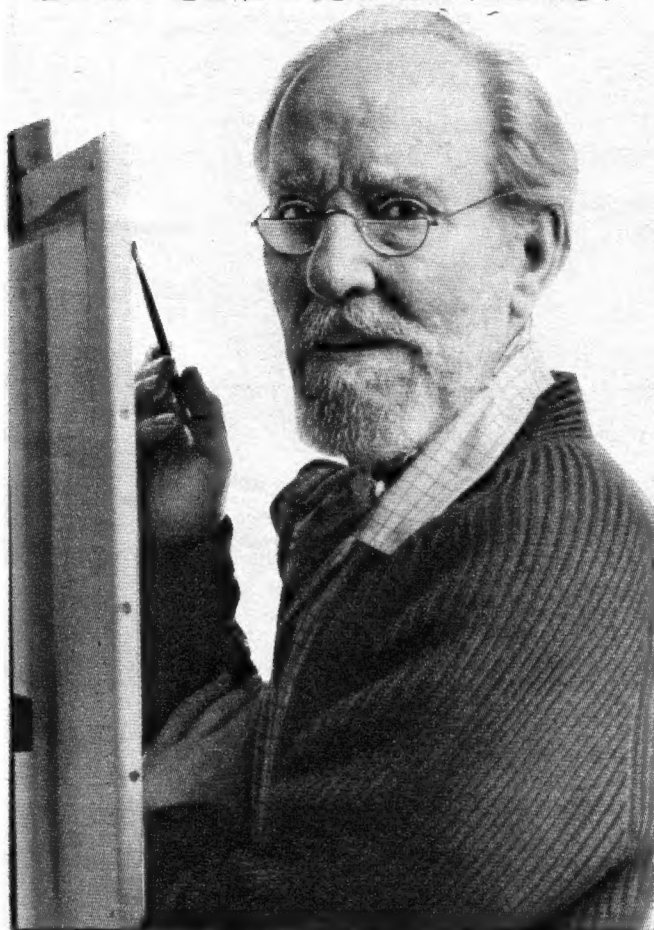
It's our way of guaranteeing you a brighter winter.

International Flower-bulb  
Centre, Hillegom, Holland.





# "HOW CAN MY SAVINGS KEEP UP WITH THE COST OF LIVING?"



Buy Retirement Issue National Savings Certificates and help protect the buying power of your savings.

They're linked to the General Index of Retail Prices (R.P.I.), a sort of 'shopping basket' which records the movement of prices from month to month.

e.g. If you hold £100 worth of certificates and the R.P.I. goes up 12% during the period since purchase, you get back £112, providing the certificates have been held at least one year.

Plus a 4% bonus on your original investment if you hold your certificates for 5 years.

Free of all UK income tax and capital gains tax.

If you should ever need to cash in your certificates in a hurry, it only takes a matter of days. And as long as you've held them for over one year, they're index-linked in the normal way.

Retirement Certificates are sold in £10 units. Maximum holding is £500 which may be held in addition to holdings of any other issues of National Savings Certificates.

Ask for a leaflet at your Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.



## National Savings Certificates Retirement Issue

Available to all men 65 and over, women 60 and over.

Issued by the Department for National Savings London.

# SizeWise

News from the fashion front for our larger readers, written every week by Caroline Hunt



**ON THE RIGHT LINES** for the coming season, this trim dress by Carnegie Slendalook reflects the tailored, almost masculine appearance that many suits and dresses are taking on this autumn. Softened with pretty accessories, high heeled shoes and a flirty hat, it's a look that can be ultra feminine, as our photograph proves. Chalk-striped dress is in washable Polyester fibre, has long sleeves, a narrow shiny belt and mock pocket flaps on each hip. Collar, with spotted tie, completes the business-like effect. In black/white only the dress costs £17.99 for sizes 16 to 26. If you would like details of stockists in your area please write to Carnegie Slendalook, 23 Eastcastle Street, London W1.



# A Gnu pack of Ty·Phoo is cheaper in the long run.

**Ty·Phoo Tea** 11p

**'Cheapo' Tea** 10p

For one simple reason.  
Ty·Phoo is stronger than cheap tea.  
And because it's stronger, it lasts you longer.  
So it's hardly worth saving that extra penny on a cheaper pack of tea.  
It'll cost you more in the long run.

**Ty·Phoo Tea**  
Tea Bags

**For the tea that picks you up-pick up Ty·Phoo**



Dentures  
look like teeth  
work like teeth  
smile like teeth

clean them like teeth

Brush them fresh and clean with Double Action Divi-Dent.

Divi-Dent's clear blue gel has a unique combination of stain removers and polishers that help prevent yellow build-up.

It also has fresheners that leave your mouth minty fresh.

In fact, Double Action Divi-Dent has the cleaning power of a soak with all the freshness of a toothpaste.

Try fresh, clean Divi-Dent. You could say it'll brush a smile right on to your face.



Double Action Divi-Dent  
for the smile you can feel

Stafford-Miller Quality Products for Dental Health



The magnificent house and gardens of Plas Newydd, on the Isle of Anglesey, have recently been presented to the National Trust by their owner, the Marquess of Anglesey, and for the first time, tourists in North Wales have the opportunity of visiting this famous family home. The house lies in a beautiful setting with lawns sloping down to the Menai Strait. Its imposing contents include a fine decorative wall painting 56 ft. long by Rex Whistler and a military museum. The house is open daily, except Sats., until the end of October, from 2 to 6 p.m.

## Readers Write

If you have an interesting or amusing experience, or a helpful hint to share, write to us at our address on page 8. For every original letter published we pay £2.00

### FUSSY BUDGIE

Until we offered to look after our friends' budgerigar when they went away for a few days, I was inclined to think that reports of such birds talking plainly were exaggerated. However, Snowy's chatter was remarkably clear and in the tone of my friend's husband.

Snowy had plenty of regular sayings, but I was highly amused when one day he said, "You're no credit to your mother!" When we told our friends upon their return, they said they had not heard Snowy say it, but my friend's husband sometimes chided their young daughters thus if they did not look as smart as he would have liked.

E. M. Partridge, Sidmouth, Devon.

### ADORNMENTS OF THE TWENTIES

I often indulge in a nostalgic look back to the 1920s when I was in my early teens, and have pleasant memories of many things.

One of the popular items we used to buy was a little book of "Papier Poudre" leaves. I remember how fragrant these were, it was so refreshing to take out a leaf from the book to powder one's face. They were so soft and silky, and gave a matt finish which lasted for hours. These could be bought from any chemist.

We had necklaces made from strips of wallpaper rolled into beads with a hole left in the centre to thread them by. Also there were perfumed necklaces in the shape of tiny rosebuds: they always remained fragrant.

Nylons were unheard of at that time. Those of us who liked to wear really good-looking stockings took delight in chiffon lisle ones, with seams. They were very fine and in lovely pastel shades. These cost about four and elevenpence a pair (nearly 25p), quite a gross extravagance.

Mrs. W. G. Curtis, London.

### EASY-TO-READ-RECIPES

I usually tear or cut out any of your cookery recipes that particularly appeal to me, but they were always getting lost in the drawer or falling out of my cookery books. I solved the problem by buying one of the new-style photo albums for 90p. Now I simply lift the transparent covering from the page and insert my recipe. I can always re-arrange them and the covering stops them becoming greasy or torn. The book has a nice solid cover.

G. P. Barnett, Calne, Wilts.

### CLEAR-SIGHTED

One day at the infants' school, the teacher was walking round inspecting the children's paintings. Looking at one little boy's rather dauby effort, she said, "Now, Simon, what is that?"

After studying it for a while, he replied, "A mess."

Mrs. J. Brown, Doncaster.



# Spot-the-cow



## Win free milk for a year with Heinz Rice Pudding (VALUE £100)

You could be one of the 150 lucky contestants to win Free Milk for a year – value £100 – in the Heinz Spot the Cow Competition.

### HOW TO ENTER

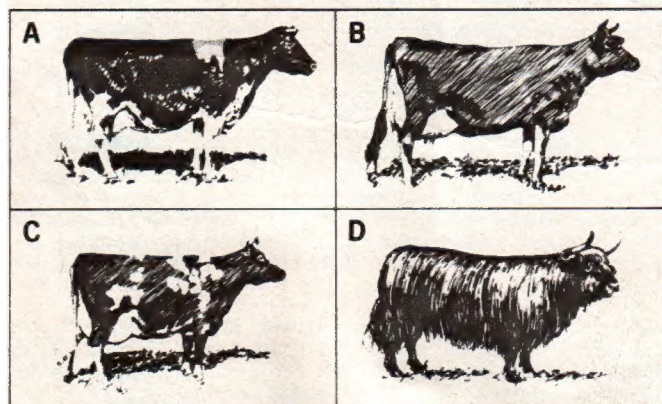
Below we have drawn four different cows. Using your skill and judgement identify from the list of eight names the correct breed for each. For instance, if you think Drawing A is a Hereford Cow then write the number 1 against the letter A on the Entry Form. Then, in not more than 10 additional words, complete the sentence "All the family like Heinz Rice Pudding because ...." in an apt and original way.

You can enter as many times as you like provided that each line on the Entry Form is accompanied by one Heinz Rice Pudding label.

Fill in your name and address and post the Entry Form, with the necessary labels, to Heinz Spot the Cow Competition, 100 Cromer Street, London WC1H 8DA to arrive not later than October 29th 1976.

### COMPETITION RULES

1. Open to residents in the U.K. and Eire excepting employees (and their families) of H J Heinz Company Limited and their Advertising Agents.
2. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost or mislaid in the post or for illegible entries or entries from competitors omitting to include their name and address.
3. Entries must be submitted on official Entry Form and in ink or ball pen. Any number of entries can be submitted provided each is on an official form and accompanied by requisite number of labels.
4. After the competition has closed all valid entries will be examined by an independent panel of judges. Their decision is final and legally binding and no correspondence can be entered into. Only one prize will be awarded to each winning entrant.
5. Prizes will be awarded to the entrants who, in the opinion of the judges, have completed a correct or most nearly correct entry. In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded to the entrants who in the opinion of the judges have completed a correct or nearly correct entry and have written (in not more than 10 extra words) the most original and apt sentence.
6. Prize winners will be notified by post and receive their cheques for £100 within four weeks of the closing date, and a complete list of winners will be published in Competitors Journal w/c 29th November.
7. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.
8. All entries become the property of H J Heinz Company Limited.



- |             |             |                   |             |
|-------------|-------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 1. HEREFORD | 3. JERSEY   | 5. ABERDEEN ANGUS | 7. FRIESIAN |
| 2. GALLOWAY | 4. HIGHLAND | 6. GUERNSEY       | 8. AYRSHIRE |

### ENTRY FORM

	1ST TRY	2ND TRY	3RD TRY	4TH TRY
A				
B				
C				
D				

Complete this sentence using no more than 10 extra words. All the family like Heinz Rice Pudding, because

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Block letters, please)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Competition closes 29th October 1976.

ww8



# WOMAN'S WEEKLY

KING'S REACH TOWER,  
STAMFORD STREET,  
LONDON SE1 9LS

© IPC Magazines Ltd., 1976

## HIGHLIGHTS IN THIS ISSUE

### SPECIAL FEATURES

Making a home for Granny **18**  
Tasty supper dishes **26**

### KNITTING

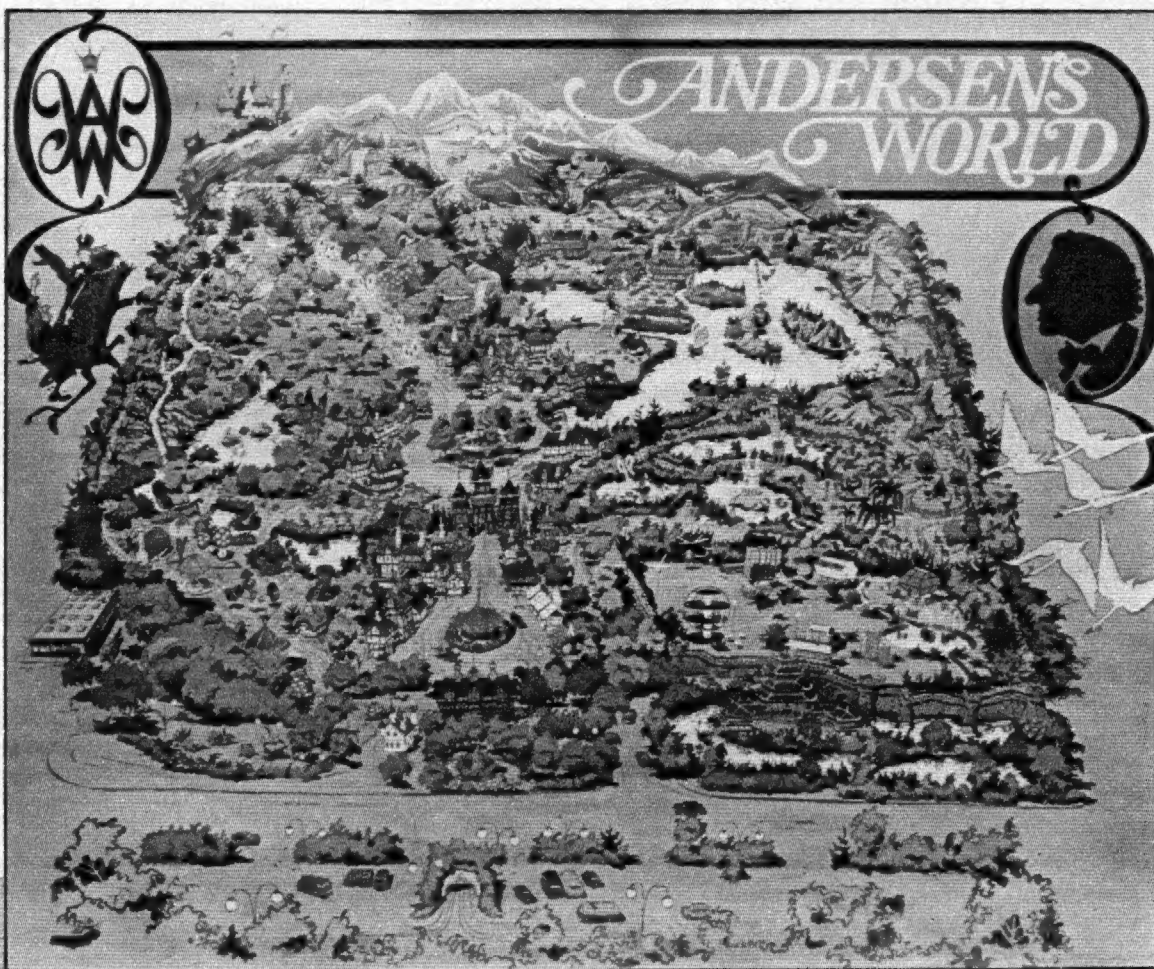
Cover girl's wrap-over jacket **36**  
Man's sporty sweater **12**  
Stunning patterned sweater **24**

### FICTION

Short story: All Love Is Sweet **14**  
Serial: Viking Song **22**  
Serial: A Wife For Charles **32**

### ALSO

Stars **2**; Size Wise **4**; Readers Write **6**; Fashion **16**; Man-Who-Sees **34**; Gardening **40**; Beauty **42**; Matron **48**; Health **51**; Robins **58**; Canon Stephens **61**; Competition Result **64**; Mary Marryat **71**.



Above: Plan of the future—sixty acres of Wonderland. Left: Hans Christian Andersen, the storyteller, as depicted by the Grahame Johnstone twins.



## OUT OF TOWN

There's a new fairyland being built in Denmark in which Britain has a proud claim—Mary Benedetta explains . . .

**L**ONDON-BASED artistic director of Denmark's Andersen's World, Gerry O'Sullivan, is a very happy man since he discovered the talented Grahame Johnstone twins, Janet and Anne.

Fundamentally the same idea as Disneyland, but very different in concept from its American counterpart. Under the Danish architect, Anton Christiansen, construction is well ahead for the opening in 1978.

Covering sixty acres near the town of Herning in the centre of Jutland, it comprises a beautiful park with a large lake, where scenes depicting Hans Andersen's 156 fairy-tales will be its main feature.

Gerry spent nearly three years searching for an artist capable of designing the different backgrounds and famous fairy-tale characters with the necessary beauty and imaginative detail. He began his search in Britain and drew a blank. Then, pinning his hopes to Scandinavia, he tried Sweden, Norway and Denmark without success. Afterwards he visited Germany, Holland, Belgium and the U.S.A., finally returning disconsolate, his mission unfulfilled.

Then one day he wandered into a London bookshop and picked up a short volume of selected tales by Hans Andersen. A luxury edition superbly illustrated by Janet and Anne Grahame Johnstone. Seeing their work for the first time he knew he had found the perfection he was looking for and immediately contacted the publishers to locate them.

He found they lived with their mother, Doris Zinkeisen, herself a famous artist, in a remote village in Suffolk where he went to visit them. Before he left they agreed to accept a six-year contract to do all the designs for Andersen's World and its fairy-tale people.

Initially I met the twins at the Chelsea home of their aunt, Anna Zinkeisen, the well-known portrait painter who also does such lovely

*Continued overleaf*





**Above:** Janet and Anne with "Fred"—the artilleryman who featured in an art exhibition in Woodbridge.

**Right:** The twins among some of their dreams for the future of Andersen's World.



One of the enchanting illustrations from the book of Hans Christian Andersen Fairy Tales published by Dean & Son—the work of the twins which started them on their fairyland project.





# OUT OF TOWN continued

flower paintings. She had turned the dining-room in her flat into a separate studio for them as they now stay with her mid-week. Equally attractive and charming, they are very alike to look at and have exactly the same dreamy voices. They also have the same dark hair and strikingly intense gaze in their deep blue eyes, but it is easy to tell them apart as they have different hair-dos. Janet's is short and curly. Anne's longer and flowing loose, except when she ties it back to keep it out of the way when she is working.

## THE RIGHT SETTING

When Brock, the photographer, and I visited them in Suffolk we drove up to a lovely old Georgian house standing in a semi-wild garden with a variety of wonderfully shaped trees. There is a pond at the far end, flanked by a majestic weeping willow, where moorhens darted surreptitiously in and out of the spinney on the opposite bank.

Doris Zinkeisen came out to welcome us, followed by the twins, who explained that they were feeding the animals and would be with us shortly. Meanwhile Doris led us up the steps under the porch with its tall Corinthian stone pillars; through the spacious hall with its white walls and very high ceiling, painted pale green in the middle to highlight the exquisite moulding round the edge. A graceful long staircase led up to the long landing above.

She took us into the lovely light drawing-room, where elegantly draped curtains and pelmets in rich cerise looked stunning against the white walls. Two enchanting pictures bore her signature. One of ballet dancers in a classical ballet, the other of Captains in the Royal Horseguards (the Blues riding on horseback in 1815). "I always enjoy painting the uniform of a particular period," she said, when I was admiring it. Horses are her favourite subject today, although she originally became famous for her designs for stage sets and costumes.

When the animal-feeding session was over we went out to the stables at the back to see Doris Zinkeisen's own horses. The family usually go shopping in a pony and trap, the nearest village being a mile-and-a-half away, and the nearest town, twelve miles. The trap is a valuable one, embellished with brass ornamentation. Doris and Janet are expert at driving horses and ponies and often enter for driving classes in shows.

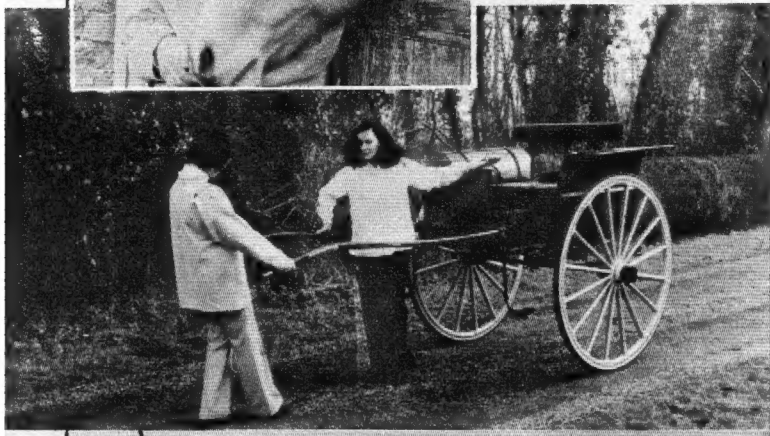
At the far end of the stable yard a wired-in poultry run adjoins the henhouse. Five hens were pecking over the ground in it. Three brown ones, called Henrietta, Marmalade and Cottontail, and two black, Dolly and Tortoiseshell, all being very tame. The other inhabitant is a handsome golden pheasant, called Daddydoodle.

In the drawing-room before lunch, while the twins were out in the garden, Doris Zinkeisen talked of their beginnings. Apparently there was every evidence of their future talent when they were small. "Their efforts were mostly drawing on the nursery wallpaper, and putting spectacles and moustaches on the nursery rhyme pictures. They went to art school at fourteen. When they finished their training I sent them out with portfolios and they came back with jobs. Their first assignment was a poster for a missionary."

Since then they have specialised in illustrating, some of their most outstanding work being for children's books, some of which I saw at Dean's publishing office and was struck by the insight and imagination they revealed. They have illustrated several of Paul Gallico's books, the most recent being his "Miracle In The Wilderness", a Christmas story of seventeenth century America published last Christmas, with delightful line drawings of animals and beautiful coloured illustrations.



The twins at work—and at play . . . Don and Comus, the Irish wolfhound and King Charles spaniel and the horses fill their leisure time, and the animals in their illustrations (as below) are naturally drawn with affection.







"You know how Paul Gallico loved cats," said Anne. "When he came down to Suffolk, directly he saw Bruno he picked him up and carried him round in his arms while we showed him the house. We love working on his books, and another favourite author is Dodie Smith, whose 'A Hundred And One Dalmatians' we illustrated."

Lunch was in the big, stone-flagged dining-room, at a beautiful oval dining table with attractive antique candlesticks that had unusually long curtains of crystal drops. "I saw them in an antique shop just before I was married," said Doris, "and someone gave me them for a wedding present."

During lunch we heard the cloppety-clop of horse's hooves and Victoria suddenly appeared in the open door, leading out to the garden. She came right up to the dining-table, hinting for titbits.

After a perfect day full of laughter and sunshine, Doris showed me round the house. First we went into her studio, incredibly tidy for an artist's workroom in spite of piles of canvases stacked on the floor and propped up against the furniture. Since she stopped designing for the theatre, which was when she decided to leave London and live in the country, she has concentrated on horses and early horse-drawn vehicles for which she is now equally famous.

In contrast to Doris Zinkeisen's immaculate studio Janet and Anne's was remarkably chaotic. Christened by friends "The Deep Litter Room", the walls were lined with crammed bookshelves, while the floor was ankle deep in scraps of paper, many of them bearing rough sketches, and open paint-boxes.

On the landing outside the twins' studio was a wooden cut-out figure of a life-size artilleryman, standing guard in the uniform of a fifer in the Royal Artillery in 1748. "That's Fred," said Janet. "Anne made him for an art exhibition in Woodbridge. He's inspired by the cut-outs that used to stand outside country pubs to indicate that young men could take the 'King's shilling' there and join up. It was at a time when the army was very short of recruits and, like pub signs, was for the benefit of those who could not read."

On the landing wall opposite the staircase, with its tomato red carpet, was a superb portrait of Doris in hunting clothes painted by her sister Anna. She and Anna are both widows and they are very close.

The next time I saw Janet and Anne was at the London office of Andersen's World, where they have a specially built studio, and where they work in unison with Lewis Logan, formerly an outstanding art director in British films. Gerry O'Sullivan also has a film background, for he was earlier known as Gerry Alexander, the stage and screen actor.

#### IDENTICAL WORK

That day the twins were working on designs for Troll Land and the witches' cave. Their work is so identical that, when one twin wants to take ten minutes' rest, the other will move across and continue where she left off.

Dynamic Gerry O'Sullivan makes frequent trips to Denmark to confer with architect Anton Christiansen and Financial Director, Michael Gerard. Anton Christiansen is an architect with sensational ideas. There is the swimming pool he designed with its roof resembling waves, making it look as though the pool is under the sea.

"Anton went over to Disneyland," said Gerry, "to discover what they had learned. He found there was too much concrete, which causes dust, while the fronts of the houses were too clean and ice-creamy looking. But it was run with a minimum staff, as they rely mainly on technology, which we shall certainly emulate."



Above: Victoria the horse unexpectedly joined the luncheon table, and needless to say, was not turned away. Left: The enchanting children from the twins' enchanted imagination and below a trio of artists as Doris Zinkeisen adds to the picture.





**MATERIALS:** Ten 50 g balls of Sirdar Sportswool in main and five balls in contrast for the 91 cm (36 inch) chest size; eleven balls main and five balls contrast for the 97 cm (38 inch) and 102 cm (40 inch) chest sizes; twelve balls main and six balls contrast for the 107 cm (42 inch) chest size; thirteen balls main and six balls contrast for the 112 cm (44 inch) chest size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 8 and No. 9 knitting needles.

**TENSION:** Work at a tension of 20 stitches and 25 rows to measure 10x10 cm, over the stocking stitch, using No. 8 needles, to obtain the measurements given below right.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); sl., slip p. wise; y.t.f., yarn to front; y.t.b., yarn to back; y.r.n., yarn round needle to make a loop; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); m., main colour; c., contrast colour.

**NOTE:** The instructions are given for the 91 cm (36 inch) chest size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) chest size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 102 cm (40 inch) chest size; work the figures within the third brackets for the 107 cm (42 inch) chest size; work the figures within the fourth brackets for the 112 cm (44 inch) chest size.

It is suggested that the knitter first goes through the instructions and underlines in red all the figures relating to the size to be worked.

**THE BACK:** With No. 9 needles and m. cast on 92 (96) (104) (108) (112) sts. and work as follows:

\* 1st row: With m., k. 1, \* k. 2, p. 2; repeat from \* until 3 sts. remain, k. 3.

2nd row: With m., k. 1, \* p. 2, k. 2; repeat from \* until 3 sts. remain, p. 2, k. 1. Drop m., join in c. \*\*

3rd row: With c., k. 1, \* sl. 2, k. 2; repeat from \* until 3 sts. remain, sl. 2, k. 1.

4th row: With c., k. 1, \* y.t.f., sl. 2, y.t.b., k. 2; repeat from \* until 3 sts. remain, y.t.f., sl. 2, y.t.b., k. 1.

5th row: As 3rd row.

6th row: As 4th row.

7th row: With m., k. to end.

8th row: As 2nd row.

These 8 rows form the welt pattern, repeat them 4 times more, increasing 1 st. at end of last row on the 91 cm (36 inch), 97 cm (38 inch), 107 cm (42 inch) and 112 cm (44 inch) chest sizes, and decreasing 1 st. at end of last row on the 102 cm (40 inch) chest size—93 (97) (103) (109) (113) sts.

With c., k. 4 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles and with m., s.s. 40 rows.

With c., k. 4 rows.

With m., s.s. 4 rows.

Now work in main pattern as follows:

1st row: With c., k. 1 (3) (2) (1) (3), \* sl. 3, y.r.n. to make a loop, k. 5; repeat from \* until 4 (6) (5) (4) (6) sts. remain, sl. 3, y.r.n., k. 1 (3) (2) (1) (3).

2nd row: With c., dropping extra loops made in previous row, k. 1 (3) (2) (1) (3), \* y.r.n. and to front, sl. 3, y.t.b., k. 5; repeat from \* until 4 (6) (5) (4) (6) sts. remain, y.r.n. and to front, sl. 3, y.t.b., k. 1 (3) (2) (1) (3).

# Male Choice

Rugged sweater for the great outdoors has built-in man appeal. Strikingly knitted in stocking stitch with two-colour garter stitch detail and unusual patterned welts, it's ideal for the active man

## INSTRUCTIONS IN 5 SIZES

3rd row: With m., k. to end, dropping extra loops made on previous row.

4th row: With m., k. 1 (3) (2) (1) (3), \* p. 3, k. 5; repeat from \* until 4 (6) (5) (4) (6) sts. remain, p. 3, k. 1 (3) (2) (1) (3).

5th to 8th rows: As 1st to 4th rows.

9th row: As 1st row.

10th row: As 2nd row.

11th to 16th rows: With m., work in s.s. beginning with a k. row, dropping extra loops on 11th row.

These 16 rows form the main pattern, repeat them once, and the 1st to 11th rows again.

With m., s.s. 3 rows.

With c., k. 4 rows.

To shape the armholes: With m., s.s. 4 rows, casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of each of these rows. With c., k. 2 rows, then s.s. 18 rows at the same time, dec. 1 st. at each end of the first 5 (6) (8) (10) (11) of these rows—71 (73) (75) (77) (79) sts.

With c., k. 2 rows. Break off c. \*\*\*

With m., s.s. 24 (26) (28) (30) (32) rows.

To slope the shoulders: Cast off 7 (7) (8) (7) (7) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then cast off 7 (7) (7) (8) (8) sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows.

Leave the remaining 29 (31) (31) (31) (33) sts. on a stitch-holder.

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for back to \*\*\*.

With m., s.s. 7 (9) (11) (13) (15) rows.

To divide for front neck: P. 31 (31) (32) (33) (33) and leave on a spare needle for right front shoulder, p. 9 (11) (11) (11) (13) and leave on a stitch-holder for neck, p. to end and work on these 31 (31) (32) (33) (33) sts. for left front shoulder.

The left front shoulder: To shape the neck: Working in s.s., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next 10 rows—21 (21) (22) (23) (23) sts.

S.s. 6 rows—s.s. 7 rows here when working right front shoulder.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 7 (7) (8) (7) (7) sts. at the beginning of the next row. Work 1 row, then cast off 7 (7) (7) (8) (8) sts. at the beginning of next row.

Work 1 row, then cast off the remaining 7 (7) (7) (8) (8) sts.

The right front shoulder: With right side of work facing, rejoin m. to inner end of 31 (31) (32) (33) (33) sts. and work as given for left front shoulder to end, noting variation where indicated.

**THE SLEEVES (both alike):** With No. 9 needles and m. cast on 52 (52) (56) (60) (60) sts. and work 40 rows in welt pattern as given on back, increasing 1 st. at end of

last row—53 (53) (57) (61) (61) sts.

With c., k. 4 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles and with m., s.s. 12 (8) (4) (12) (8) rows.

Continue working in s.s. with m., inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 3 (5) (6) (3) (5) following 12th (9th) (8th) (12th) (9th) rows—61 (65) (71) (69) (73) sts.

S.s. 5 (nil) (1) (5) (nil) row(s).

With c., k. 4 rows.

With m., s.s. 4 rows.

Now working in main pattern as given on back, pattern 2 rows.

Keeping continuity of pattern, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 4 (4) (2) (4) (4) following 8th rows—71 (75) (77) (79) (83) sts.

Pattern 8 (8) (24) (8) (8) rows, ending with an 11th pattern row.

With m., s.s. 3 rows.

With c., k. 4 rows.

To shape the sleeve top: With m., s.s. 4 rows, casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of each of these rows.

With c., k. 2 rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end of the 1st row.

Now working in s.s. with c., dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 8 following alternate rows.

P. 1 row.

K. 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at each end of the 1st row—37 (41) (43) (45) (49) sts. Break off c.

With m., working in s.s., dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 2 (2) (3) (4) (4) following alternate rows—31 (35) (35) (35) (39) sts.

Work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 8 (10) (10) (10) (12) rows.

Cast off remaining 15 sts.

**THE NECK BAND:** First join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing using No. 9 needles and m., pick up and k. 25 sts. down left front neck shaping, k. across 9 (11) (11) (11) (13) sts. at front neck, pick up and k. 25 sts. up right front neck shaping, k. across 29 (31) (31) (31) (33) sts. at back neck—88 (92) (92) (92) (96) sts.

Work as given for back from \*\* to \*\*.

Repeat these 2 rows, twice more.

Now work the 8-row welt pattern as given on back, twice. Cast off.

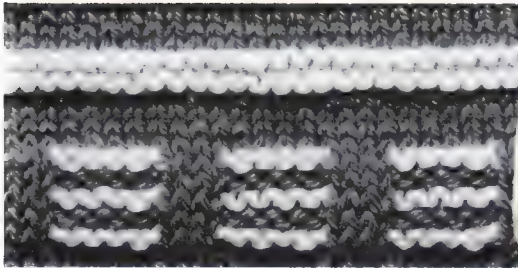
**TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER:** Press on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join remaining shoulder seam, continuing seam across neck band. Set in sleeves, join sleeve and side seams. Fold neck band to right side and catch in place. Press seams.

## MEASUREMENTS

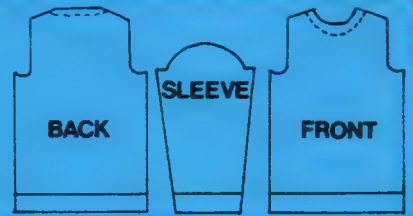
in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

To fit chest size	91 (36)	97 (38)	102 (40)	107 (42)	112 (44)
Side seam	42.5 (16½)	42.5 (16½)	42.5 (16½)	42.5 (16½)	42.5 (16½)
Length	64.5 (25½)	65 (25½)	66 (26)	66.5 (26½)	67.5 (26½)
Sleeve seam	48 (19)	48 (19)	48 (19)	48 (19)	48 (19)





Good masculine colour schemes might include mellow gold/turf brown, light navy/red, kingfisher/amulet green, and ivory/mulberry.







A heart-warming story by Mollie Chappell

# ALL LOVE IS SWEET

And for some people, like Grandpa and his cat Clancy, love is simple. But for me it was proving a difficult business, until Clancy, all unknowing, intervened . . .

**W**HEN I was young (I am twenty-one now), I sometimes wondered how and when I should know I had grown up, when I was certain I had crossed the Rubicon and left youth behind. My mother says it happened to her one day when her mother introduced her to the gentleman to whom she was talking as "My daughter Pamela". The gentleman smiled charmingly and said, "How do you do, Miss Dean?" My mother was thirteen, then, and says it was like the revelation on the road to Damascus! From that time on she tried to grace "Miss Dean" and not the hitherto familiar "Pammie".

I don't think "My daughter Caroline—" would have done the trick for me, however, and not many men I know would be so delightfully gallant.

I thought that perhaps I was truly grown up when I left home and went to work and to live in London. Now I know it isn't so.

But in case you think me that irritating creature, a perpetual adolescent, let me tell you I have grown up and I can date the occasion. I grew up when I knew that I was in love. It was as simple as that, and as complicated, because falling in love can be complicated. It is being sure that is adult.

I had fallen into a ditch at the time. I was bad-tempered, muddy and dirty. I was in pursuit of a cat.

I am the youngest of a family of five, four boys and myself. All the boys are married, and I am a doting aunt a few times over. Perhaps I should say five boys, because Richie Marston, the boy next door, was an only child, and tagged on to us. Richie teaches now at the school where my father is headmaster.

I enjoyed working in London. The firm was a large business concern with a large staff. The girls were mostly friendly, but for some reason, from the start, Gillian Somers didn't like me and showed she did not.

It happens. Some kind of alchemy. If it can work for friendship, I suppose it works, too, the other way. I overheard her describe me as a country bumpkin, but also as too big for my boots.

It didn't worry me. I just tried to keep out of her way. I don't know why she took exception to me, for I thought that where looks were concerned she won hands down. I am average. Fair hair, blue eyes, a country girl, I concede. Gillian is tall and dark and dresses beautifully. My friend Peggy, who gives me most of the gossip to which I confess I readily listen, says that Gillian's people have a large house in the country. "Paddock, horses, swimming pool, the lot," Peggy said. "She doesn't have to work."

"Then why does she?"

Peggy only said that Gillian had her eye on Neil Fraser.

I had met Mr. Fraser, he was in Sales, in the course of my duties. Once, I had bumped into him coming too quickly round a corner, and he sent the files I was carrying flying. While we were both picking them up, Gillian passed by. Mr. Fraser was a nice person, I decided. He was good at his job. People said he would get to the top, all right. If she married him, Gillian would be a fortunate girl. 'Come off it,' I told myself. 'Admit it. You think she isn't nice enough for him.'

But Peggy said, "They would make a good pair: his drive and her background."

I nearly said, "What does he want her background for?" What came out was: "What about love?"

"Oh, Caroline," said my friend, "sometimes I think you were born yesterday."

Maybe. But I hoped Mr. Fraser wouldn't marry a girl he didn't love. I didn't think he would.





**T**HE NEXT Friday morning, he came into the room where I worked and said he had heard I lived in Maythorn and he was driving there for the weekend. Would I like a lift? The weather was hot. The trains would be full.

"Don't go on—" I said. "I should love a lift." When I smile, my family says it is like a beacon. At least it made him smile back. "Good. Five-thirty, then. I'll meet you downstairs."

We got to know one another on the drive home. He said his sister, Emma, and her three children lived at Turner's Edge, five miles from Maythorn. They had moved there after Emma's husband died. He had died before Patrick, the youngest, was born and Patrick was four now. There was also Milly, nine, and Trish, six. I said quietly that I was sorry about her husband's death.

Neil nodded. "Emma is wonderful. She never showed what she felt though he was

the only man in the world for her. She copes. My parents live in Canada, and they want Emma and the children there. She may take them. I go down to see her when I can to keep an eye on things." Being in the Sales Department, he was out of the country at times, I knew.

Then he asked me about my family, and I told him, and he said, in the nicest way, that they sounded a tribe!

"And Grandpa," I added. "He lives with us. My mother's father."

I don't know if every family should have one, but Grandpa is certainly a Character. He was a schoolmaster once, and the discipline is still obvious. Legend has it that when I was small I was leafing through a pictorial History of Europe, and "That's Grandpa—" I said, pointing to a picture of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor. The similarity was amazing: the blue stare; the stern look; the moustache.

"And Clancy," I said. "Grandpa's cat. My grandfather really loves that animal, and Clancy loves him." It was true. Clancy was jealous of anything or anyone that took Grandpa's attention from Clancy. He wasn't a pleasant cat. In his hey-day, he was what might be described as a trouble-maker. Even now I swear dogs slink past if Clancy is in the garden.

Neil told me that Milly had a cat, too. "Rosebud. Is there something about cats that draws strong characters towards them? Because Milly is very like your grandfather.

She rules the other two with a rod of iron, but will fly to their defence. Love is manifested by bossing them for their own good. They're an amenable pair, though, and they accept."

I invited him to bring the family to tea, next day, but he said he had promised to take them to the coast. On Sunday evening, he called to take me back to town. On Monday, my mother drove out to Turner's Edge and from that day on adopted Emma and Milly and Trish and Patrick into our family.

One could do nothing but love and admire Emma. Trish and Patrick were good, happy children. Milly was happy too, as long as she got her own way. But since her way so often meant trying to do all she could for the others, it was easy to forgive her. Milly was carrotty-haired and freckled, a plain face redeemed by beautiful violet eyes. When she smiled, Milly was a knock-out. When she looked beady, she looked like a ferret.

**B**Y MONDAY lunchtime, the news was round the office that Neil had driven me down to the country and back again.

"Where was Gillian?" Peggy asked me.

I said I neither knew nor cared. He was his own man, Neil, if any man was. 'If she thinks,' I smouldered to myself, 'she has that man on a leading-string, she is

*Continued overleaf*

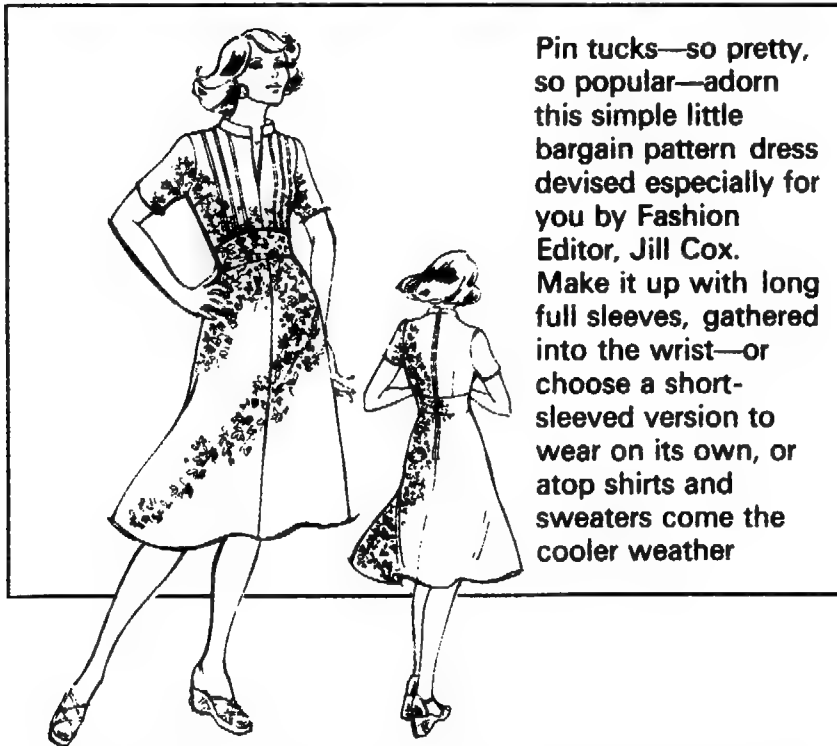






# a tuck in time...

**SPECIAL  
PATTERN OFFER  
38p**



Pin tucks—so pretty, so popular—adorn this simple little bargain pattern dress devised especially for you by Fashion Editor, Jill Cox. Make it up with long full sleeves, gathered into the wrist—or choose a short-sleeved version to wear on its own, or atop shirts and sweaters come the cooler weather

**T**HERE'S ONE STYLE every season that becomes an out-and-out winner—and we think our little pin-tucked dress has all the ingredients for success. For a start it has the pin-tucked bodice so much in favour just now (and of course tucks are much easier to sew than they might look at first glance). The pretty stand-up neckline—which you can also wear open to give a shirt-style effect—will also gather you compliments. There's a shaped waistband to give you a trim look and the skirt is flared for gentle figure flattery. Our pattern gives you a choice of sleeve lengths—you can have them long and full gathered into a fine rouleau, so very feminine, or short in this season's idiom—ideal to wear over tops in your wardrobe. Our dress will lend itself happily to any number of different fabrics in addition to the acrylic mixture jersey that was our choice. You could use lightweight wool worsteds, gaberdine, brushed cotton or rayon mixtures, or—for a slightly more dressy look—silk, to take you to a really smart occasion when you want to look your most elegant.

## THE FABRIC DETAILS

Pretty fabric is an Epatra acrylic mixture, Epadown (quality 0965 AYC/P/V), a plain machine washable jersey, which has a slight mohair effect. It costs £3.35 a metre and comes in pink, camel, airforce blue, amethyst, turquoise and French navy, and is 152/157 cm (60/62 in.) wide. Available (for personal shoppers only) from Craftsmith at Richmond, Hemel Hempstead, Southend-on-Sea and Exeter. For mail order only, Stoddarts Fabrics, Akroyd Place, Halifax, HA1 1XT. Postage and packing are extra, and fabric samples are available upon request.

WOMAN'S WEEKLY SPECIAL PATTERN No. B669. Price 38p. Postage and packing free	SIZES		12 and 14		16 and 18	
	Fabric width cm   in.		Fabric allowance m   yds.		Fabric allowance m   yds.	
Long-sleeved dress	152/157	60/62	2.20	2½	2.40	2½
Short-sleeved dress	152/157	60/62	1.90	2	2.10	2½

For pattern address and voucher with which to order please turn to page 69

## ALL LOVE IS SWEET

Continued

wrong.' But it made me feel sad that she might think it and underestimate him. But perhaps Gillian did not like his giving lifts, at least not to me, for from that moment on she froze me out in earnest. Up to now, there had been a smile, now and again, a nod. Not any more. It hurt, despite telling myself that I didn't really care. I had never been 'cut' by anyone, before, and I don't come of a feuding family.

Three weeks later, Neil gave me a lift again. I had been home, in the meantime, and met his family, but he had been in Europe and, I suppose, with Gillian. But this Friday we drove down again. I asked if Emma and the children would be at the church fête next day. It was the great summer occasion, in our little town.

"I help my mother with the teas," I said. "And I know what will happen. Old friends will say, 'Lovely to see you again, Caroline. London hasn't changed you'. Which makes a nonsense of the work I put in on behalf of authentic Knightsbridge glamour."

"I'm with your Maythorn friends," Neil said. "Don't ever change."

I think I blushed. To cover up, I asked if Milly was showing Rosebud in the Best-Kept Domestic Pet class. "It's popular. Grandfather shows Clancy; he says it is *pour encourager les autres*, but I think it's Clancy's conceit that makes him appear each year. Grandpa gives the prize to the runner-up, though."

The runner-up, this year, was Miss Milly Hill, with Rosebud.

**I**HAD DONE my stint in the Teas tent, and my mother had told me I could sign off now. I went to look for Grandpa and, I hoped, Emma and Neil and the children. Grandpa gave the prize, a cat basket, to Milly who graciously accepted.

"I hoped we could find you," Neil said. We four adults sat on a bench beneath a huge chestnut, the children on the grass at our feet. Milly sat near my grandfather. "How long do you mean to keep showing your cat?" she asked him.

Grandpa, for all his seeming gruffness, adores children. He is good with them, taking them seriously, never talking down. "I think this is Clancy's last year," he said.

"Well, that will give some other cat a chance," Milly said meaningfully. Then: "How many more years do you think he has to live? Clancy?"

"Milly—" Emma remonstrated but Grandpa just smiled. He is a handsome old man when he smiles. Was Bismarck? "I wonder that, myself," he told Milly. "I don't know. He is thirteen. That's quite old for a cat."

"Older than Milly," Trish said.

Milly was concentrating on Grandpa. "They say that if you have a cat who is very old, it isn't a bad idea to take a kitten, so that when the old cat dies you have the kitten to—take your mind off it."

Three of the adults had nothing to say, but my grandfather said he had heard this theory put forward. "But would Clancy take to a newcomer?"

"It's you you have to think about," Milly said. Her directness had the force of a thunderbolt. "Clancy might huff and puff and spit a bit, at first. He would get over it. After all, he would know he comes first with you and that is what matters."

Continued on page 64



COLOUR MAKES A HOME: Designer George Cavendish helps the

# The Grannex

Without losing her independence, Granny has joined her daughter's household and is living happily in the new West Wing, within easy reach for baby-sitting and a shout away from help if needed



*Above left: The house with mini kitchen and crumbling garage.  
Below: Granny's new home.*





## young Clarks with decorating schemes for their new extension

Granny's living-room, bay-windowed and looking on to the garden, is comfortably furnished with favourite pieces from her old home.



**I**DEALLY, ELDERLY PARENTS need the security of their families, but at the same time their independence.

If your favourite senior citizen is living on his or her own, many miles away, there can be all sorts of problems in fulfilling your responsibilities if you have a job and/or a young family.

She may phone to say she's not feeling well, and you can't very well stop frying the children's chips and rush over and make her some soup and do that little bit of shopping for her. You may have to make a long bus ride, plus the baby, and worry about her when you're back home again. You could feel a mixture of worry, guilt and slight resentment.

On the other hand, the senior citizen can feel very lonely and unwanted, and rather useless. Often she would like to go out,

but that avenue is blocked if she hasn't a car or can't drive, or is perhaps too infirm to do so.

Many councils are providing bedsitters and small flats for the elderly, but here there are regulations—like no dogs, cats or even budgies—and you can't talk to the telly all the time!

Tony and Sally Clark live in a Victorian four-bedroomed house in Surrey with their two children—Lucy, aged eight, James, a boisterous five-year old and an old dachshund called Max.

To solve the problem of Granny living alone they decided to build an extension for her—now known as the Grannex. It consists of a bedroom, living room, bathroom and tiny kitchen, and, planned into the extension, the Clarks' kitchen was doubled in size.

*Continued overleaf*



# The Grannex

Continued



The extension was designed, the plans were passed by the local council, permission gained from the mortgage company and the job went out to tender to several local builders.

Eventually work started on a hot, sunny afternoon in August. Unfortunately, the sun didn't last for long and the extension was built during the wettest Autumn for years. From the demolishing of the existing kitchen and garage, to the last lick of white gloss, all in all, it took seven long months to complete.

It was an exciting day when Sally's mother and her mongrel dog, Ben, moved in.

Sharing one's home and family permanently with an elderly relative can spoil a once happy relationship if the whole arrangement is not thoroughly discussed and fully agreed beforehand. From the very start mother and daughter agreed to respect each other's territory.

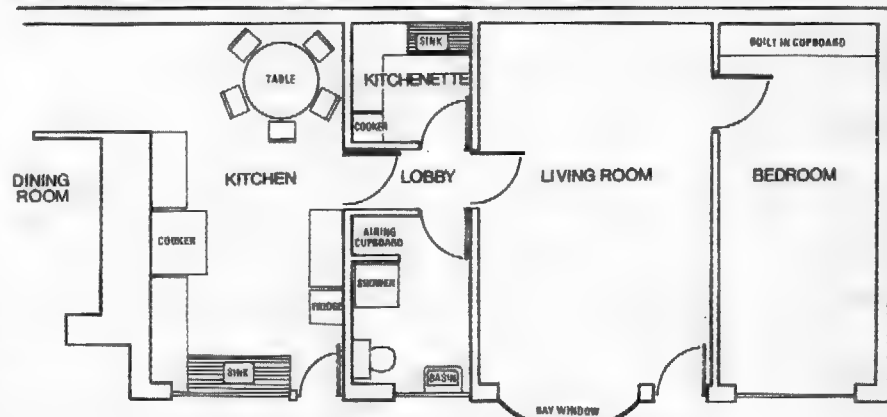
The younger generation has its own life to lead, and their own way of doing things. Granny never interferes with the bringing up of the children, although there must be times when she's itching to! Lucy and James still ask, and never assume they can watch her colour television. She on the other hand can say no at any time without any feelings being hurt.

The same applies when Tony and Sally have friends for a meal. They don't feel they have to invite Granny, and there is no resentment whatever. She can entertain her friends in her own living room, cook them a meal and even have them to stay.

It would have been possible to share a kitchen, but even this bit of independence is necessary. You know the old saying about 'two women cannot share the same kitchen'. Sally needs space to prepare the special dishes she cooks for a small restaurant (her way of supplementing the family budget from home). In any case, elderly people sometimes only want and need a lighter dish, and it gives them a feeling of satisfaction to prepare things for themselves.



Above: Cooking and serving meals for a family of four was a struggle in Sally's cramped kitchen. Right: The extended kitchen has plenty of storage and work space, plus a full-size table.



Ground plan of the family's roomier kitchen and the Grannex which adjoins it.

*If you need help with your decorating, write to our free Colour Scheme Service at the address on page 8. Let us know the size and aspect of the room, enclose colour samples of furnishings you wish to keep and a foolscap, stamped, addressed envelope.*

From the children's point of view, they now have their very necessary Granny close by. She's there to visit, she has time to talk, hear their reading, help with their games, teach them little things. Grannies have the time to show a child how to knit or crochet. Mums seldom do.

Granny makes an ideal baby-sitter who doesn't have to be driven home afterwards, and if she's not well, there's the whole family to take care of her. She need never feel lonely or unwanted and can help her daughter in many small ways—for instance, she has time to sew on the odd button, let down a hem or patch a soft toy.

Sally's new kitchen is mainly furnished with pine fitments made by Solarbo. The light colour of pine makes the kitchen seem even more spacious. They are topped with white laminate which links them with the washing machine, fridge with freezer section and the faithful Aga cooker with its pale blue top. The units come straight from the manufacturers (saving middleman expense) and they arrive in boxes, complete with handsome brass handles. The brass imitation oil lamp marries well with the units. Full instructions for assembling the units come with each one, and after the first one has been unpacked and then put





together, the others seem far easier to cope with. They can be bought in various widths to suit your kitchen. The table and chairs are also from the Solarbo range. The flooring is Accotone Italian Tile by Armstrong—a sheet vinyl which is very easy to keep clean, and positively must not be scrubbed. The attractive roller blind is by Sunway, with a design of exotic tropical plants, called 'Greenfingers'.

Granny's bathroom has a shower, instead of a bath. This is much cheaper to run, using very little electricity, which is important when you're counting your new pence. Also it is easier to help an old person to

shower than to haul them in and out of a bath if they are really elderly and infirm.

Granny's small kitchen has all the essentials—small cooker, tridge, sink and working surface. Also pine wall cupboards for storage.

Her living room, with an attractive bay window looking out on to the garden, is furnished with her treasured bits and pieces from her former home. The curtains are Listers velvet, and the new stretch covers for her favourite chairs are by Bevis in a chintzy design called Loweswater.

The bedroom, furnished with two single beds (which means an overnight visitor

can be accommodated) is decorated mainly in pink, with plain carpet, flowered curtains and bedspread to match.

The Grannex has proved to be most successful—and here lives a happy Granny who is looking after herself, knowing that company, and help if she needs it, are just through the kitchen door.

Ben, her dog, also in retirement, seems to thoroughly approve of the arrangement. He never did see enough of those children in the old days. He has his independence and his own territory, and is glad to find that ancient dachshund Max doesn't contest it.

JO HATCHER



## HOW THE STORY BEGAN

Standing on the ship's deck, ROWENA MARSHALL contemplated Norway, the land which would be her home if she married SIGMUND THUNE. Her native Scotland seemed far behind, and she was ready to love Norway for Sigmund's sake, although during the three months they had known one another he had been reticent about Jarlsberg, his isolated mountain home, and about his farming family. He had been unable to accompany her because of a last minute business call to America—he was with an oil company—and Rowena felt somewhat diffident about this coming meeting, for there was no formal engagement between herself and Sigmund.

His cousin, THOR NEILSEN, a dark and powerful-looking Viking, met her at Bergen. He spoke admiringly of his aunt, AGATHA THUNE, who had brought him up from boyhood when his parents had been killed, but her husband, LUDVIG, also known as Jarlsberg in the Norwegian manner of naming a man after his property, was an austere man. The journey was a long one by road and steamer, then finally by Thor's own boat, when they were joined by LAL, Sigmund's sister, whose birthday was the next day, and TOMM VAA, one of Thor's employees. Arriving at Jarlsberg, Rowena was enchanted by the valley, and wondered how Sigmund, the only son, could turn his back on it. Fru Thune was kind and welcoming, and from her Rowena learnt that Thor lived at Sorne, a neighbouring property and his old family home. Thor, it seemed, had once been in love with the beautiful MIA, who had died four years ago in an accident for which he took responsibility, and Sigmund had gone away because of this. Had they both loved the same woman? Rowena wondered. Lal's birthday night brought the arrival from Oslo of her older sister, GRETHE, an outstandingly attractive girl, who commandeered most of Thor's attention. Sigmund telephoned that night from America, but said he had been held up a further week. Grethe, impatient with country ways, left the farm after a few days and life settled into an interesting routine with plenty for Rowena to do. Out working with Lal one day, she was forced to call at Sorne when their pony went lame. Rowena saw Thor's beautiful home for the first time, the house that had been prepared for Mia and which was kept in pristine condition by INGEBORD, Thor's housekeeper. As she and Lal descended the stairs after a tour of inspection Rowena saw him, grim-faced, at the foot of the stairs. 'He can't bear another girl in the house,' Rowena thought.

*The story now continues*

## CONTINUING JEAN S. MacLEOD'S FASCINATING STORY FROM THE LOVELY LAND OF NORWAY

# Viking Song

She had come to these good people  
as an emissary from their son, hoping, perhaps,  
to effect a reconciliation.

But now the very fact of her presence  
might widen the breach.

How could she bring peace when her  
own heart was in turmoil?

**A**S ROWENA and Lal came down the wide staircase of Verdens Ende, Thor walked across to them. "I phoned through to Jarlsberg," he said, "to tell them that you were both here and that the horse had gone lame. They will take one of the draught-horses up to the valley to bring down the cart, and I have promised to see you safely back to the farm."

His promise had probably been made to his aunt, Rowena thought, because Ludvig Thune himself would be too busy to motor all the way to Sorne to collect them.

"Middag is almost ready," he added. "We

will take it early and be on our way. Ingebord has everything prepared." He indicated her bustling little figure trotting to and fro between the long table in the dining-room section of the great hall and the open kitchen door.

Tomm Vaa came in, carrying one of Ingebord's wooden platters. He had changed from his working clothes into bright blue trousers and a silk shirt, with a red cravat at his neck, and had somehow managed to control the unruly mop of fair curls which crowned his head. His bright blue eyes seemed to glow against his sun-tanned skin as he smiled his appreciation of his em-

ployer's invitation to join them for the meal. He was so obviously, so devotedly in love with Lal.

Ingebord put smoked salmon before them in little fat rolls, with a platter of thinly-cut brown bread and butter to accompany it and they ate in silence for a moment or two. Rowena managed to forget that she was at Sorne as an uninvited guest, applying herself to the meal as heartily as the others. It was six o'clock, but the light was still bright on the sides of the hills and on the valley floor, the sky still that surprising shade of turquoise blue.

Ingebord brought in a roast joint, placing it in front of Thor with the horn-handled carving knife and fork. There was a cream sauce to go with it, and carrots, cabbage and small round potatoes, baked in flour.

"It looks as if you had been expecting us!" Lal suggested.

Thor carved the first slice from the joint. "I have an excellent housekeeper," he said. "Ingebord can produce a meal at the drop of a hat, as you know, and this was our day for beef. You were fortunate in your choice," he added dryly.

He was trying to say that he was not to be pitied; that he lived well in spite of the bachelor state that had been forced on him when his fiancée had died. Yet, once or twice, Rowena surprised a strange expression in his eyes, a guarded look which took in the table and the bright firelight, and the yellow glow from the candles inside their glass shades.

Ingebord apologised for the lack of a soufflé. She produced instead a large, tiered cream-cake, which she placed in the centre of the table, together with a platter of cheese which, for variety and colour, defied description. There were almost as many kinds of bread, from the inevitable wholemeal to the hard, unleavened *knekkebrød*, which Thor seemed to enjoy. Lal cut a large slice of cake for Rowena and one for herself.

Ingebord served hot, black coffee on a low table drawn up to the hearth, while they sat with their feet up on the warm stone, talking about Norway. The candles flickered in their glass shades, the logs fell apart in the fireplace, and an hour passed all too quickly. Then, suddenly, Thor was on his feet, saying that it was time for them to go.

Lal went into the kitchen to thank Ingebord, who came out smiling to wish them goodbye.

"Farvell!" she said, and to Rowena it sounded like for ever.

**T**HOR HAD brought his car round to the main door, where Tomm Vaa saw them off, his blue eyes full of honest affection as he looked at Lal, but if she recognised his silent adoration she did not show it.

The car slid off along the avenue of pines, winding down a narrow dirt road into the valley they had seen from the windows of Verdens Ende. Small farmhouses appeared and disappeared as the road turned and twisted with the winding of the river, and suddenly a lake came into view, cutting its way through a narrow gorge set among a chaos of precipices and pinnacles to remind them that the great mountain barrier of the Jotunheimen was not too far away.

Miniature glaciers and waterfalls appeared high above them. The glittering blue-white of the glaciers looked cold and aloof in the waning evening light, but the joyous plunge of the falling water was a sheer delight.

It was some time before Rowena realised

*Continued overleaf*





What had gone wrong? Rowena tried to think of something she had said which might have been wrongly construed...



that an odd, strained silence had descended on the car. Her companions no longer pointed out this or that to her as a matter of interest, and their speed had increased notably over the last few miles.

Looking at Thor, she saw that his hands were gripping hard on the wheel, while Lal had turned her head away from the mountain. She saw, too, that where the lake appeared to end, there was a narrow arm of water leading to a second lake. The rock and scree which almost divided them came straight down in one precipitous slope, cleaving a path like an ugly scar on the mountain's face.

Neither Thor nor Lal spoke until the twin lakes were far behind them, but when the trees had taken over again Lal said, "We are coming to the timber lands now. This is where Tømm Vaa works when he is not at Verdens Ende. Thor's parents planted those trees. It was at the end of the war, when things were very bad for Norway, but they had the wisdom to see that someone would reap the benefit one day. It was thirty years ago, and Thor hadn't then been born."

But now he was cutting timber at Sorne, the mature trees in which his father had put his faith all those years ago, even though Sorne had changed hands after his death. It had been something Thor had wanted to do, an ambitious plan which must have been in his mind for some time. She looked at the stern profile and set mouth, and could well imagine his determination to succeed.

Verdens Ende was a house of peace, although the memories of Mia which surrounded it made it a sad place for him, but one day he might be able to think beyond his present grief to the days he had spent at Sorne as a child, a young boy growing up in ideal surroundings, a boy with a boat to sail in summer and skis on his feet in the winter weather; a boy with a broad vision, who had taken it all in his stride until the tragedy of his parents' death had swept it all away. Others might have been content to accept the cruel fate which had robbed him of his inheritance, but not Thor. He had won it all back in a comparatively short space of time by his own individual effort and a little help from his uncle, Ludvig Thune.

The bond which existed between these two seemed quite natural now, and she knew that it could never be broken. Suddenly she was jealous of that bond, for Sigmund's sake.

**W**HEN THEY reached Jarlsberg, it was almost dark.

Ludvig Thune came to meet them. "Velkommen!" he said, looking at Thor. "I am sorry you have been put to so much trouble. You will spend the night with us, of course."

Thor hesitated. "I have a great deal of work to do," he said. "You will understand. Tomorrow I leave on business for Oslo and Helsinki."

Fru Thune made her appearance in the lighted doorway. "You will come in, Thor?" she asked. "You cannot drive all the way back to Verdens Ende tonight."

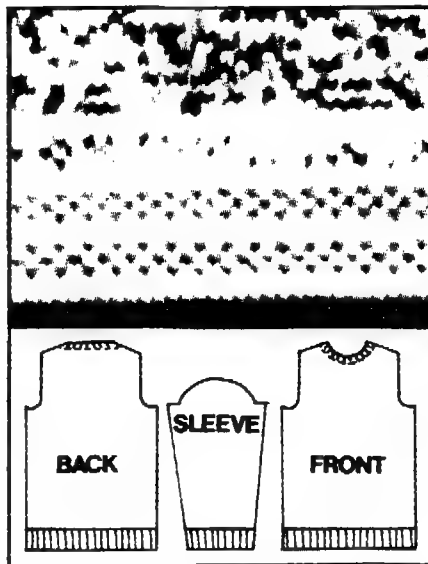
He explained his need to return.

"Business!" Agatha Thune exclaimed. "It is always business with you these days, flying off to the ends of the earth to secure a new contract, which you do not need."

Continued overleaf

# Clever Contrast

Knitted in delicious mulberry shades of plain and random wool, this eye-catching sweater is designed in simple stocking stitch with easy crew neckline



**MATERIALS:** Six 50 g balls of Jaeger Matchmaker Superwash Double Knitting Wool in main colour (a.), one ball in a light contrast colour (b.) and two balls in a mixed shade (c.) for the 86 cm (34 inch) bust size; seven balls in main, two balls in light contrast and three balls in mixed shade for the 91 cm (36 inch) and 97 cm (38 inch) bust sizes. For any one size a pair each of No. 9, No. 10 and No. 11 knitting needles.

**TENSION:** Work at a tension of 14 stitches to measure 6 cm in width and 30 rows to measure 10 cm in depth, over the plain stocking stitch, using No. 9 needles, to obtain the measurements given below.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately; a., main colour; b., light contrast; c., mixed shade.

**NOTE:** The instructions are given for the 86 cm (34 inch) bust size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) bust size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) bust size.

## MEASUREMENTS

in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

Bust size	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)
All round at underarms	88.5 (34½)	93.5 (36½)	98.5 (38½)
Side seam	41 (16)	41 (16)	41 (16)
Length	59.5 (23½)	60.5 (23½)	61 (24)
Sleeve seam	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)

**THE BACK:** With No. 10 needles and a., cast on 101 (107) (113) sts. and, beginning odd-numbered rows with k. 1 and even-numbered rows with p. 1, work 16 rows in single rib, increasing 1 st. at each end of last row—103 (109) (115) sts.

Change to No. 9 needles and, beginning with a k. row, s.s. 90 rows.

Now, joining colours as required, work the 18-row pattern which is worked entirely in s.s., beginning with a k. row so only the colour details are given.

1st and 2nd rows: All b.

3rd row: 1 b., \* 1 a., 1 b.; repeat from \* to end.

4th row: 1 a., \* 1 b., 1 a.; repeat from \* to end.

5th row: As 3rd row.

6th and 7th rows: All b.

8th to 12th rows: As 3rd to 7th rows. Break off a.

13th row: 1 b., \* 1 c., 1 b.; repeat from \* to end.

14th row: 1 c., \* 1 b., 1 c.; repeat from \* to end.

15th row: As 13th row.

16th and 17th rows: All b. Break off b.

18th row: All c.

**To shape the armholes:** Continuing with c. only, cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 7 rows, and then on the following 1 (2) (3) alternate rows—79 (83) (87) sts.

Beginning with a p. row, s.s. 39 rows.

**To slope the shoulders:** Cast off 7 (8) (8) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 4 rows and 8 (7) (8) sts. at the beginning of each of the following 2 rows.

Leave remaining 35 (37) (39) sts. on a spare needle.

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for back until the armhole shaping has been completed—79 (83) (87) sts.

Beginning with a p. row, s.s. 20 rows.

Now divide sts. for front neck: Next row: P. 32 (34) (36) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right front shoulder, p. the next 15 and leave them on a stitch-holder for neck band, p. to end and work on these 32 (34) (36) sts. for left front shoulder.

**The left front shoulder:** To shape the neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 7 rows and then at the same edge on each of the following 3 (4) (5) alternate rows—22 (23) (24) sts.

S.s. 5 (3) (1) row(s)—s.s. 6 (4) (2) rows here when working right front shoulder, ending at armhole edge.

**To slope the shoulder:** Cast off 7 (8) (8) sts. at the beginning of the next row and the following alternate row.

On 8 (7) (8) sts., work 1 row. Cast off.

**The right front shoulder:** With right side of work facing, rejoin c. to inner end of sts. on spare needle, then work as given for left front shoulder to end, noting the extra row to be worked before sloping the shoulder.



## INSTRUCTIONS IN 3 SIZES

**THE SLEEVES (both alike):** With No. 11 needles and a, cast on 51 (53) (55) sts. and work 24 rows in rib as given for back, increasing 1 st. at each end of the last row—53 (55) (57) sts.

Change to No. 9 needles and continuing with a, s.s. 2 rows.

Working in s.s., inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 10 following 8th rows—75 (77) (79) sts.

Beginning with a p. row, s.s. 3 rows.

Now work the 18 rows in pattern as given for back.

**To shape the sleeve top:** Continuing with c. only, cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the following 6 (7) (8) alternate rows—53 sts.

Work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 14 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 4 rows.

Cast off the remaining 13 sts.

**THE NECK BAND:** First join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles and b., pick up and k. 25 (26) (27) sts. down left front neck edge, k. across the 15 sts. at centre front, pick up and k. 25 (26) (27) sts. up right front neck edge, k. across the 35 (37) (39) sts. at back neck, increasing 1 st. at each end—102 (106) (110) sts.

Work 6 rows in single rib, then k. 1 row to mark fold line.

Rib a further 5 rows.

Cast off in rib.

**TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER:** Press work lightly on the wrong side, using a cool iron over a dry cloth. Join left shoulder seam, continuing seam across neck band. Set in sleeves, then join sleeve and side seams. Fold neck band to wrong side at fold line and slip-st. in place. Press seams.

*Delightful colour combinations include, barley/hawthorn/brick; heather/millpond/barley or clover/bramble/barley.*

*Skirt from a selection at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, London W1.*





## VIKING SONG

Continued

He put his arm about her shoulders. "How true that is," he agreed, "but now it has become a compulsion with me. One contract leads to another, but they all come back to Sorne, in the end."

"Where is it this time?" Agatha wanted to know.

"Oslo first, then Helsinki. I will be back in four days' time."

"How the world has shrunk!" His aunt smiled. "At one time it would have taken you a whole week to reach Helsinki, and now you can go there in a few hours. Will you visit Elsa while you are in Oslo—Grethe?"

"Grethe, maybe," he agreed. "I do not think I will have the time to go to Telemark to see Elsa, but I have promised to visit them when they go to the island."

"That will not be long now," his aunt observed. "It will soon be holiday time for the children. Perhaps I will accept Elsa's offer to visit them in June."

"Why not? You know how welcome you will be," Thor said.

"Elsa is Thor's sister, but she is like a third daughter," Agatha explained to Rowena, with a smile. "And the children are mine, also, till I have grandchildren of my own."

"I'll phone Elsa when I reach Oslo to tell her you are coming," Thor was taking the bull by the horns, but his aunt hesitated.

"I must think it over," she said. "If Sigmund comes before the end of the month we may all go together."

Thor frowned. "I hope he will not disappoint you," he said. "Elsa will want to meet Rowena, I'm sure."

It was the first time he had acknowledged her as a member of the family. Rowena drew back a little, wondering why he had chosen this moment to do so.

He stayed an hour. It was a clear, moonlit night, and the journey back to Sorne would not be hazardous. There always seemed to be so much to talk about when he met his uncle, and Ludvig Thune appeared completely relaxed in his nephew's company.

Lal stood watching as he drove away. "Tomorrow he will be in Oslo and will have forgotten all about us," she said.

"You are more or less his family," Rowena reminded her. "One doesn't forget one's family, even on a lovely trip to Helsinki!"

"Thor will think only of business," Lal sighed. "Did you see the lake?" she asked then, unexpectedly. "That was where the avalanche came down. It was where Mia died."

Rowena turned to gaze at her.

"The stone avalanche," Lal said. "You must have seen the mark it made on the hillside—all that rock and scree tumbling into the lake to cut it almost in two. Mia and Sigmund were climbing over there and Thor was with them. Nobody ever knew how it happened, except Thor, who was standing almost beneath it, but he kept silent afterwards. Sometimes there is this awful fall of rock from the mountains," she rushed on to explain, "and nothing can be done about it. There is very little warning. Everything just comes straight down and falls into the lake, filling it up to make a new projection of land. Some lakes have been cut entirely in two in this way. It is a terrible experience which Thor has to

Continued on page 29

## HADDOCK AND BEAN FLAN

(Shown in colour opposite)

Serves 6 as a first course or

4 as a supper dish

For the Pastry

6 oz. plain flour

A pinch of salt

1½ oz. lard

1½ oz. margarine

For the Filling

12 oz. smoked haddock fillet

6 oz. runner beans

2 large eggs

½ pint milk

2 oz. grated Cheddar cheese

Salt and pepper

An 8 inch flan ring

First make the pastry. Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl, add the fats cut into small pieces and, using the fingertips only, rub them in until evenly distributed and the mixture resembles fine bread-crumbs. Stir in sufficient cold water to make

a fairly stiff dough then, on a lightly floured working surface roll it to a circle just over 10 inches in diameter. Stand the flan ring on a baking tray, lift the pastry into the centre and press it into the base and sides. Remove the excess dough by running the rolling pin over the top of the ring in both directions. Leave the flan case in a cool place while preparing the filling.

Wipe the fish, then place it in a shallow pan, cover it with water and cook it gently for about 10 minutes until the fish is tender. Drain the fish well, then discard any skin and bones and flake the fish.

Top, tail and string the beans and slice them thinly. Cook them in boiling, salted water for about 10 minutes or until tender. Drain the beans, then run cold water through the pieces until they are completely cool. Spread the beans in the base of the flan and spoon the fish on top. Beat the eggs together, mix in the milk with plenty of seasoning and pour this mixture into the flan. Sprinkle the cheese over the surface, then bake the flan on the centre shelf of a moderately hot oven, gas mark 5 or 375°F/190°C, for about 45 minutes or until the pastry is golden brown and the top crispy.

Serve the flan as a first course or with tomatoes and cucumber for supper.

# A MEDLEY OF SIMPLE SUPPERS

To judge from your letters, some of the recipes you find most useful are easy-to-make savoury dishes. To fit the bill Janet Warren and her team have conjured up these splendid dishes to serve for supper, as starters or even for a light lunch

## TAUNTON TUNA

Serves 4 to 6 as a first course or

3 as a supper dish

7 oz. can tuna fish

4 oz. mushrooms

1 oz. butter

1½ oz. plain flour

½ pint milk

½ pint cider

3 level tablespoons freshly chopped parsley

Salt and pepper

Wipe the mushrooms—there is no need to peel them—trim the stalks, then cut them into slices. Melt the butter in a pan, add the mushrooms and fry them gently until they are just cooked. Remove the pan from the heat and stir in the flour, then carefully blend in the milk and cider.



Drain the oil from the tuna and break the fish into large flakes, then stir the pieces into the mixture. Return the pan to the heat and, stirring all the time, bring the sauce to the boil. Stir in the parsley and check the mixture for seasoning.

Serve Taunton Tuna immediately with crusty bread.

More recipes overleaf







### GOULASH SOUP

*Serves 6 as a first course, or add dumplings to the soup and it becomes a supper dish*

#### For the Soup

- $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. shin of beef**
- 16 oz. can tomato juice**
- 1 green pepper**
- 1 oz. lard**
- 1 medium onion, peeled and finely chopped**
- 1 level tablespoon plain flour**
- 1 level tablespoon paprika pepper**
- A pinch of salt and pepper**
- 1½ pints stock**
- 1 bayleaf**

**$\frac{1}{2}$  pint natural yoghurt (if served as a first course)**

#### The Dumplings for Supper

- 4½ oz. self-raising flour**
- 2 oz. prepared shredded suet**
- A pinch of salt**

Cut the pepper in half, remove the core and seeds, then cut one half into strips to use later for garnish and chop the other half finely to put into the soup.

Melt the lard, add the onion and chopped pepper and fry them together over a medium heat for a few minutes. Trim the meat, removing any fat and cut it into small dice. Mix the flour with the paprika pepper and seasoning and toss the meat in it, then add the meat to the pan and fry the pieces quickly for a few minutes. Add the tomato juice, stock and bayleaf and bring the soup slowly to the boil. Reduce the heat, cover the pan and cook it gently for about 1½ to 2 hours or until the meat is cooked.

Meanwhile, plunge the sliced pepper into boiling water for two minutes to blanch it.

#### As a First Course

Check the soup for seasoning, then serve it in individual bowls. Scatter a few slices of green pepper on the surface of each and swirl a teaspoon of yoghurt through the soup.

#### As a Supper Dish

Twenty minutes before the end of the cooking time, mix the suet into the flour and salt and bind them together with cold water to make a fairly soft dough. Divide the dough into 16 even pieces and roll them into balls, using floured hands. Drop the dumplings into the soup, cover the pan and cook them for about 10 to 15 minutes or until they are well risen and cooked through. Stir in the strips of pepper and serve the soup at once.



### HAMMY EGGS

*Serves 6 as a first course or 4 as a supper dish*

- 4 oz. sliced ham, chopped**
- 6 large eggs**
- 3 level tablespoons tomato ketchup**
- 1 oz. butter**

*A 1 pint shallow ovenproof dish*

Grease the dish with a little of the butter. Place the chopped ham in the base and spread it with the tomato ketchup. Carefully break the eggs on top, then dot each yolk with butter. Cover the dish with foil and bake it on the centre shelf of a moderately hot oven, gas mark 5 or 375°F/190°C, for about 25 minutes or until the eggs are just set.

Serve the dish immediately with thinly sliced bread.

### PROMISING PANCAKES

*Serves 6 as a first course or 4 for supper*

#### For the Pancakes

- 4 oz. plain flour**
- 1 large egg**
- A pinch of salt**
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk**
- A little oil, for frying**
- 2 oz. grated Cheddar cheese**

#### For the Filling

- 6 oz. liver sausage**
- 2 tablespoons milk**
- 4 oz. cream cheese**
- 2 level tablespoons sweet pickle**

*A 2 pint shallow ovenproof dish*



## SIMPLE SUPPERS

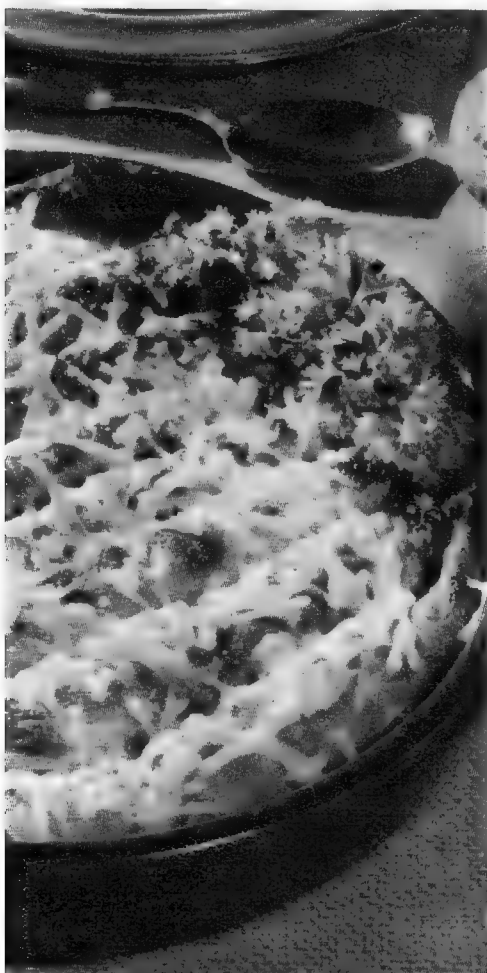
*Continued*

First make the pancakes. Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre, break in the egg and add half the milk. Using a wooden spoon and working from the centre, stir the flour gradually into the liquid. When all the flour has been absorbed, beat the batter well until it is smooth and shiny, then add the rest of the milk.

Heat a little oil in a frying pan and when it is really hot, pour off all that runs. Re-heat the fat in the pan and, when it is really hot, remove it from the cooker. Pour in a little batter so that it swirls over the base coating it thinly. Return the pan to the heat immediately and after a few seconds, loosen the edges with a palette knife and turn the pancake over. When both sides are golden brown, turn the pancake on to a folded tea towel. Fry the other pancakes in the same way (this mixture should make 8 to 10 pancakes) stacking them one on top of the other to keep them warm. The pan should be re-greased after every fourth pancake.

Mix the liver sausage with the milk, cream cheese and pickle, spread the mixture evenly over the pancakes, roll each one up and put them into the ovenproof dish. Scatter over the cheese, then brown the pancakes under a medium grill for about 10 minutes. Serve hot.





#### DANISH PASTA

Serves 8 as a first course or  
4 for supper

8 oz. short-cut macaroni

8 oz. can frankfurter sausages

1 small onion, peeled and finely chopped

1 dessertspoon oil

10 stuffed green olives

2 level tablespoons dry mustard powder

2 level tablespoons plain flour

4 tablespoons malt vinegar

$\frac{1}{2}$  pint chicken stock

Cook the macaroni in plenty of boiling, salted water for 10 to 15 minutes or until a piece is soft to the centre. Drain the pasta and run hot water through the pieces to separate them.

Meanwhile, heat the oil in a pan, add the onion and fry it gently for about 10 minutes until it softens but does not brown. Remove the pan from the heat, stir in the mustard and flour, then gradually add the vinegar and stock and, when the sauce is smooth, return the pan to the cooker. Stirring all the time, bring the sauce to the boil. Drain the frankfurter sausages and stir them into the sauce with the olives. Cook gently until the sausages are heated then mix through the macaroni and turn the meal into a dish to serve.

Left: Promising Pancakes have a most unusual filling.

Below: easy-to-make Danish Pasta.



#### VIKING SONG

Continued from page 26

live with right there on his own doorstep."

"It is many miles from Verdens Ende," Rowena pointed out huskily, "yet he must pass it almost every day."

"When the new road is opened it may be better for Thor," Lal decided.

It was easy enough to hope, but Rowena did not think that Thor would forget just because another road was about to be driven through his secret valley.

A WEEK passed in which life at Jarlsberg went on as usual. There was work to be done and various sorties to be made into the surrounding hills and, finally, there was the annual trek of the *seterjentas*—the shepherd girls—to the summer pastures high in the valley above the fjord. The girls came in from outlying farms, willing enough to spend all the warm, bright summer among the mountains, tending the flocks and making cheese. Two of them were quite old, and had probably done the job all their lives, while they passed the long, cold winters in their own homes, knitting for the summer trade in the numerous tourist hotels.

There seemed to be an abundance of "girls" for the work Jarlsberg had to offer, and they had all served the Thunes for many years. Agatha Thune took a maternal interest in their welfare, sending up fresh meat and vegetables to them twice a week, either by cart or the ubiquitous tractor, which Ludvig drove himself.

Rowena found a new delight in the masses of summer flowers which starred the roadsides in this first week in June, when the sun was bright and warm, and thick white clouds sailed high above the mountain peaks. Once, she gathered a large bunch of them to carry back to the farm, surprising tears in Agatha Thune's eyes when they were presented to her.

"You bring back the past to me," she said, "when all my children were small—Grethe, Elsa, Sigmund, Thor and Lal, who was the baby of the family, and who was always laughing."

She had begun to refer to Sigmund in an odd, detached sort of way, as if she could no longer hope for his return, but it was early days yet, Rowena decided, to say that he would not come at all.

Two weeks! There had been one telephone call and one postcard from him in that time. The card had been for Rowena, but she had passed it round so that everyone could see it, realising that it was almost impersonal, anyway. On the reverse side it showed a view of an arid Texan landscape, as flat as a pancake, with hardly a tree or a hill to break the monotony.

And then one day a message came from Elsa's husband Georg in Telemark. Elsa had taken the children to Hanks to open their villa there for the summer, and Georg had gone down with a virus infection in their absence which looked as if it might prove serious. He was alone at the farm, except for a young serving-girl who was not an experienced cook, but he wanted to enlist Agatha's help to keep Elsa from returning to Telemark to look after him.

"Of course she must not return," Agatha agreed immediately. "I will go to Telemark and nurse him. Lal, you can look after your father. The hay is not yet cut, and I will be back as quickly as possible."

Before she had finished packing for her unexpected journey to Telemark, Ludvig

Continued on page 56

# RIMMEL<sup>®</sup> for your nails



Beauty wise, value wise  
you can't buy better than Rimmel





### Frosted Opal Nail Lacquer 46p

Flatters the nails with a subtle iridescent gleam.



### Pearlised Nail Lacquer 28p

Lends the nails a rich luxury-looking shimmer.



### Creamy Nail Lacquer 23p

Gives the nails a satiny, opaque finish. Long-lasting.



### Crystal Nail Lacquer 23p

For sparkling long-lasting transparent colour.



RAISIN SORBET

CLARET SORBET



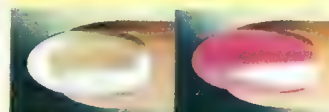
ORCHID SHIMMER

RAINBOW



SWEET CLOVER

MULBERRY WINE



COLOURLESS

NATURAL RUBY



CANDY SORBET

COGNAC SORBET



RUBY IN GOLD

TOFFEE SHIMMER



VELVET ROSE

KINKY KHAKI



NATURAL AMETHYST

NATURAL PINK



PLUM SORBET

MOCHA SORBET



MOONLIGHT

RUSSET IN GOLD



STRAWBERRY ICE

PEONY ICE



BURGUNDY

TRULY RED



MORELLO SORBET

SUGAR SORBET



CORAL IN GOLD

PEPPERMINT PEARL



SWEET CORAL

PERSIAN ROSE



LILAC SORBET

MARRON SORBET



ROSY SHIMMER

SILVER FROST



RUM BABA

RED ROSE



PEACH SORBET

BRANDY SORBET



CLEAR PEARL

APRICOT SHIMMER



PINK SHIMMER

AZURE SHIMMER



JADE SHIMMER

DAMSON SHIMMER



CRIMSON SORBET

MERINGUE SORBET



PINK SORBET

CHERRY SORBET



POPPY ICE

LILAC ICE



### Top Coat for Nail Lacquer 32p

Protects nail lacquer and makes it last longer.



### Nail Protector 28p

Helps to prevent nails from splitting.

## HOW THE STORY BEGAN

BECKY SOMERSON came home from her lawyer's job in Strasbourg to sort out a family crisis. According to her sister CHLOE, their mother was in debt to businessman EDWARD MELLORY who had had to go abroad for health reasons, leaving his affairs to his son CHARLES, a brilliant, much sought-after barrister. JOHN TOUNSEND, Becky's boss, saw her go with some misgivings, for he had long been devoted to her.

At a lavish party given by Charles's stepmother, JUDITH, back home in Almcote, Becky met Charles again. Even as children their temperaments had clashed, and now his airy promise that the debt problem could easily be resolved was somehow patronising. Later, in party conversation, Becky found herself defending the arranged marriages of past generations as sensible and businesslike. With a decided glint in his eye, Charles challenged her to marry him. He wanted a wife to help him take care of his half-sister, TESSA, and remove her from her mother's selfish, materialistic influence. In a moment of bravado, Becky agreed, but later she realised she had been rash. She didn't love Charles—her only love had been TONY MILANE, her AUNT EDITH's one-time estate manager, and he had deserted her when accused by Aunt Edith of petty theft. When Becky tried to back out, however, she discovered, to her horror, that

the engagement had already been announced. Reluctantly, she agreed to keep up the pretence for six months, to save Charles embarrassment. He then took Becky and Tessa on holiday to a Greek island. Tessa, rebellious at first, soon acknowledged that she and Becky could be friends. Charles, too, was in conciliatory mood. He gave Becky a charming shawl which she treasured until she discovered it had been bought by his ultra efficient secretary, ANNABEL SMART, who seemed altogether too interested in Charles. She found herself quarrelling with Charles, who accused her of still being in love with Tony. Furiously, he went off into the night, and when Becky heard a wailing cry she assumed he had fallen, but in rushing after him she herself fell and suffered concussion and a damaged wrist. The holiday was at an end. Back in London, Becky took the top flat in Charles's house while job hunting. She was alone there—Charles was away on business—when Tessa's school reported that she had run away with her friend MARINA, whose sister was now married to Tony Milane. Reluctantly, Becky went round to their house and saw Tony for the first time in two years. Suddenly he seemed incredibly conceited, and when he even assumed she was ready to renew their relationship she slapped his face resoundingly, just as Tessa walked in.

*The story now concludes*

## CONCLUDING SOPHIE WESTON'S ENCHANTING NOVEL

# A WIFE FOR CHARLES

Her independent spirit had  
rebelled against  
admitting her love, and putting  
herself in his power. Oh,  
Becky! That pride almost  
cost you the joy that every  
woman should know . . .

**O**UTSIDE the block of flats, Tessa, who had meekly followed Becky, said in a small voice, "Where did you leave the car, Becky?"

"I didn't bring it. I didn't fancy trying to drive with my wrist set rigid."

"Oh, poor Becky." Suddenly and inexcusably Tessa began to giggle.

Becky glared at her. "Now what?"

"I was just thinking about Tony," confessed Tessa. "That was the hand you hit him with. No wonder he looked so stunned. There must be a few pounds of plaster of Paris in that cast."

"Good heavens!" Becky, too, began to laugh. "I hope I haven't done him any irreparable damage."

"Oh, you've probably addled his brains permanently," said Tessa cheerfully. "No one will notice."

Becky stared. "I thought he was a friend of yours."

"I," said Tessa suddenly sounding very like her brother, "might have said the same of you."

"Ouch," said Becky good humouredly. "Not any longer."

"That goes for me, too," Tessa announced.

"And Caradoc? How do you feel about him?"

They had come to the Underground and Becky plunged down it.

Tessa paused. "I haven't any money."

"I'll pay your fare," Becky assured her. "Did you run away without money?"

"No. I took some money and some clothes too, of course, but they're all in Caradoc's car. You didn't give me much time to rescue them," Tessa pointed out.

"No, I suppose I didn't," said Becky, conscience-stricken at the summary way she had marched into Tony Milane's flat intent on retrieving Charles's wayward half-sister. "Poor old Tessa. I was so angry I didn't stop to think."

"Yes, I could see that. Anyway, it doesn't matter. We can send Charles round to collect my belongings," said Tessa, blithely disposing of the absent Mr. Mellory's precious time. "Perhaps he'll beat up Tony Milane," she added hopefully.

Becky choked with laughter. "You're very bloodthirsty. Why do you want violence to ensue?"

Tessa shifted her shoulders. "They're so *unreal*. They pose and titter and cheat. They're boring. And they spend all their time talking about money."

Becky forebore to remind her that she had wanted to spend the summer with these people, judging that Tessa had had an illuminating ride to London in Marina and Caradoc's company. However, she could not resist inquiring, "But why should Charles beat up Tony?"

"Because he attacked you," Tessa said in thrilling accents. She contemplated her vision of the scene with evident satisfaction. "And so I shall tell him."

"Tony?" said Becky quite bewildered. "Charles."

"You are not," said Becky with the resolution of panic, "to tell Charles anything at all."

"Why not?"

"Because he doesn't know you've run away from school, for a start. He's in Edinburgh for the night. He will—would—be absolutely furious. You can go back tomorrow and I'll hopefully ensure your headmistress's silence. After all, there's only another ten days or so to go and then you can come home anyway."

"No," said Tessa mutinously.

Becky fed coins into a ticket machine and urged Tessa through the barrier.

"Please don't be difficult, Tessa. I promise you you shan't go back next term if you don't want to, but don't go and pull everything round your ears for the sake of ten days."

"You sound like Charles," said Tessa, losing her friendliness.

A tube train came rushing out of the tunnel and they ran to catch it. They

*Continued overleaf*





ILLUSTRATED BY BERT SHERMAN

## A WIFE FOR CHARLES

*Continued*

flung themselves aboard just as the doors were closing, and Becky ran an agitated hand through her hair, peering at the unfamiliar underground map on the train roof. "Where do we have to change?" she said, half to herself.

Tessa gave the map a cursory glance. "Charing Cross," she said, dismissing it. "Listen, Becky. I'm not going back to that place and you can't make me."

"No, of course, I can't. I wouldn't try."

"Then why talk about it in the first place?"

"Tessa, you've already run away from one school. I understand, believe me, I'm not exactly a stranger to running away myself, though I wouldn't have had the courage to do it at your age. But even though I don't blame you, I can't help knowing that it doesn't look very good."

"Look!" Tessa was contemptuous. "To whom?"

"To an interviewer for a start." Becky looked at the sulky little face from which the make-up was already beginning to flake away. "Do you want to go to university? Or a sixth-form college? So do too many other people. If they think you might not be able to stick the course they won't waste a place on you."

Tessa pinched her lips together, obviously suspicious of the argument. "Mother quite liked Tony Milane and that lot," she said with apparent irrelevance.

"Oh yes?"

"Daddy didn't though."

"I'm not surprised."

"Nor am I, now." Tessa gave a little wriggle in her seat, like a puppy, and with one of her abrupt changes of mood became confiding again.

"Tony had a cheek thinking he could paw you about just because you used to be engaged to him. I do wish," she added wistfully, "that I'd thought of slapping Caradoc's face."

"Why? Did he give you cause?" asked Becky, startled.

"Well, no," agreed Tessa reluctantly. "But it would have been such a marvelous thing to do." She regarded her future sister-in-law with admiration.

"I'm glad you think so. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself," Becky replied crushingly. She spoilt her effect by adding, "He did look silly, didn't he?"

They laughed heartlessly and finished the journey very good friends.

The house, when they reached it, was lit up.

"Hullo," said Tessa. "Did you forget to turn all the lights off?"

Becky shook her head. "No. Anyway I never had that many on."

"Perhaps Charles has come back?"

"I don't see how he could. He was going to catch the sleeper. Perhaps it's your mother. The headmistress must have telephoned her too."

"Do you think so?" Tessa was surprised that Becky might consider such a manifestation of maternal concern at all likely. "I don't really feel like a row with Mother tonight," she confessed.

"Then we'll go in the back door and sneak up the stairs," said Becky, recklessly committing her support.

They tiptoed up the stairs past the drawing-room and Charles's newly converted study to the room Becky was preparing for Tessa.

*Continued on page 42*





# "I'D LOVE THAT..."

We wouldn't be human if we didn't occasionally covet something we see. But pause a minute and look at it practically, says the Man-Who-Sees . . . if you did possess that house, that garden, that different life-style, would it really be just the same for you?

**I** THINK THAT many of us would have to admit to coveting our neighbours' goods from time to time. I know that when I see some book, rare and now unprocurable or wildly beyond my means, on a friend's book-shelf, I can be guilty of plain coveting, and there's no nicer name for the feeling I have!

Though books may not be your weakness, perhaps you, too, are not a stranger to that feeling. But you probably keep your covetousness well this side of "wishing for wrongfully", as the dictionary puts it. You would not be likely to break in and make off with your friend's new carpet, even though it is exactly what you want for your own living-room and have not a hope of affording in the foreseeable future. And probably, more often than not, you are able to rise to warm praise of your friend's possession, and say nothing to diminish her pleasure in it. More than this, surely, cannot be asked of our poor humanity, and I really do not think this kind of coveting was what the Almighty had in mind when giving Moses the commandment concerning our neighbours' goods.

## GETTING OUT OF HAND

**E**VEN SO, though we may stop short of ugly greed and avarice, and our kind of wanting what other people have does not breed the envy and spite which wants to hurt, we should be careful not to let this weakness get out of hand. Contentment, that blessed state of mind in which one is able to enjoy to the full the good things one has in one's life, is difficult enough to achieve because of one's dreams and ambitions, regrets for lost or denied opportunities, those "if onlys" which drift into the mind like clouds on a fair day. It becomes very much more difficult to achieve if we fall into the habit of wanting, too acutely, and too long, what we see our friends and neighbours have, and are too often making odious comparisons between the lives of others and our own.

This self-hurting habit is all too common, and one often meets those who have it. They are, as often as not, a prey to discontent, grumbling and complaining, feeling deprived, not because they really are, but because they are constantly making those comparisons, constantly finding something desirable in another person's home or life which they covet and think would make them happy if they had it themselves.

I spent an evening recently in the company of one of these women, who has a most pleasant home, a pleasant husband and two children of whom, no doubt, she is exceedingly fond. But, that evening, she was very much out of love with her life and everything in it, because she had been staying with a cousin the previous weekend, who, once again—as on all previous visits, apparently—had something new for her to covet. This time it was the beautiful transformation of a part of her cousin's garden. The visit had left her so discontented that she said she could "hardly bear to come back to this house one could never do anything with, and with its poky bit of a back garden."

She had then described to me her cousin's beautiful home and the garden which "was out of this world. I'd give anything for a home like that."

Her husband continued eating in silence for a while, then said equably that that place was nothing out of the way when Joan and Roger bought it. It was they who had made it what it is today. "If we were given it today and moved in tomorrow, I'd

take a bet it wouldn't be your dream house the way it is now, in a year or so. No offence, but you haven't Joan's particular talents as an interior decorator and you're as untidy as I am. And neither of us is keen on gardening." He had smiled at her look of outrage. "Don't worry! It suits me all right. I didn't marry you to get the world's best house-keeper."

These remarks seemed to me to make a point which is often overlooked. The habit of coveting our neighbours' goods sometimes develops to a degree where one is actually coveting their way of life, seeing them as "having all the luck" and discontentedly thinking how happy one would be if one only had that home, that garden, were married to someone like that, had that interesting job or social life, had this or that which is theirs.

The point is, the sheer impracticability, the sheer silliness of making oneself discontented because of wanting something so out of reach and, in fact, so imperfectly seen. Because, to have what one covets, one would have to be that person, to a large extent, with all there is in them which went to their achievement or acquisition.

A woman I once met told me something of her history which illustrates very well the "blind spot" which can afflict those driven by this kind of desiring. She had been married when very young to an Englishman living and working in what was then one of the African dependencies. For the few years it lasted, their marriage was as perfect as marriage can be, their happiness beautiful and obvious to all in their small and friendly community. There was one particular man, a bachelor at the time, who was somewhat cynical about marriage, but who had seen the marriage of these two as a revelation, and their state as ideal and ardently to be wished for. Tragically, the young husband died of blackwater fever, and after some years of widowhood, the still young woman married that friend of the family who had long seen her as the ideal wife.

## A WRONG IMPRESSION

**H**E THOUGHT he could have the marriage he saw Tom and I had," she said to me. "That was what he so wanted. He never saw that what we had was as much Tom's making as mine. We just brought out the best in one another. And though I loved Roger by the time I married him, and he had loved me too, it didn't work. It was all an enormous disappointment to him." They had separated after some years.

There is no more futile "if only" than this one, no greater fallacy than the belief that we would be happy if we could ourselves have those things, that state which we see as responsible for the happiness of another. Some coveting now and again does us no harm. It can, in fact, do good. We may see something beautiful or useful possessed by our neighbours and, seeing it as desirably enhancing our own home and adding to our enjoyment of life, we make acquiring it an aim, and set about working for it or saving for it. This is a common practice, and what, I suppose, moves the world along. Sometimes our coveting may lead us to acquire a skill, a desirable habit, an interest, a useful discipline, a better way of living, some improvement we could well do with. But we are simply wasting our time if we sit down in more or less permanent discontent because we covet someone else's happiness, and thinking we too would be happy if we had their way of life.

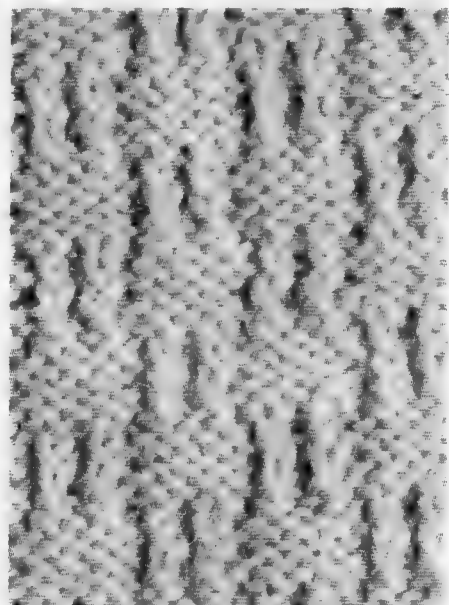


**MATERIALS:** Thirty-one 25 g balls of Sirdar Supersoft Double Knitting for the 86 cm (34 inch) bust size; thirty-three balls for the 91 cm (36 inch) bust size; thirty-five balls for the 97 cm (38 inch) bust size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles.

**TENSION:** Work at a tension of 26 stitches to measure 10 cm and 30 rows to measure 9 cm, over the pattern, using No. 9 needles, to obtain the measurements given below.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); k. 1b., k. 1 into back of st.; w.r.n., wool round needle to make a st.; w.fwd., wool forward to make a st.; single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately.

**NOTE:** The instructions are given for the 86 cm (34 inch) bust size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) bust size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) bust size.



# Town or Country Style

**THE BACK:** With No. 9 needles cast on 133 (141) (149) sts.

1st rib row: P. 1, \* k. 1, p. 1; repeat from \* to end. 2nd rib row: K. 1, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* to end.

Repeat these 2 rows, 3 times more, increasing 1 st. at each end of the last row—135 (143) (151) sts.

Now work the pattern as follows:

1st row (right side): P. 6, \* k. 1b., p. 1, k. 1b., p. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with p. 6 instead of p. 5.

2nd row: K. 6, \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with k. 6 instead of k. 5.

3rd row: As 1st row.

4th row: All k.

5th row: P. 2, \* k. 1b., p. 1, k. 1b., p. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with p. 2 instead of p. 5.

6th row: K. 2, \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with k. 2 instead of k. 5.

7th row: As 5th row.

8th row: All k.

These 8 rows form the pattern, continue in pattern for a further 30 (22) (22) rows, then maintaining continuity of the pattern, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 7 (8) (9) following 8th rows—119 (125) (131) sts.

Pattern 73 (73) (65) rows.

**To shape the armholes:** Keeping pattern correct, cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 7 rows, then on the 2 (3) (4) following alternate rows—93 (97) (101) sts.

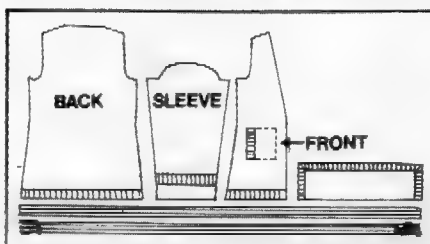
Pattern 43 (45) (47) rows, ending on a wrong-side row.

**To slope the shoulders:** Cast off 7 (7) (8) sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, then 8 (9) (7) sts. on the following 2 rows. Cast off 35 (37) (39) sts.

**THE LEFT FRONT:** With No. 9 needles cast on 79 (83) (87) sts. and rib 8 rows as given for back, increasing 1 st. at end of the last row—80 (84) (88) sts.

Super wrap-over jacket in machine washable pure new wool is long-line style, knitted in an all-over broken rib pattern with collar, slit pockets and tie belt

**INSTRUCTIONS IN 3 SIZES**



## MEASUREMENTS

in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

Bust size	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)
Side seam	53 (20½)	53 (20½)	53 (20½)
Length	72 (28½)	73.5 (29)	74.5 (29½)
Sleeve seam, with cuff turned back	43.5 (17)	43.5 (17)	43.5 (17)

Now work in pattern as follows:

1st row: P. 6, \* k. 1b., p. 1, k. 1b., p. 5; repeat from \* until 10 (6) (10) sts. remain, k. 1b., p. 1, k. 1b., p. 7 (3) (7).

2nd row: K. 7 (3) (7), \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with k. 6.

These 2 rows set the position of the pattern for the left front, continue in pattern for a further 36 (28) (28) rows, then maintaining continuity of the pattern, dec. 1 st. at the beginning of the next row and 2 (3) (4) following 8th rows—77 (80) (83) sts.

Pattern 1 row, ending with a wrong side row.

**To divide sts. for slit pockets:** Next row: Pattern 33 (34) (35) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for the 2nd half, pattern to end and work on these 44 (46) (48) sts. for the 1st half.

**The 1st half:** Pattern 39 rows, then break yarn and leave these sts. on a spare needle.

**2nd half:** With wrong side of work facing, rejoin yarn to inner end of 33 (34) (35) sts. on spare needle, then cast on 32 (34) (36) sts. for pocket lining, pattern across these sts., then pattern to end of row—65 (68) (71) sts.

Pattern 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beginning of the next row and 4 following 8th rows—60 (63) (66) sts.

**Next row (wrong side):** Cast off 32 (34) (36) sts. of pocket lining, pattern to end.

**Next row:** Pattern across 28 (29) (30) sts., then with right side facing, pattern across 44 (46) (48) sts. of 1st half—72 (75) (78) sts.

\*\* Pattern 9 (9) (1) row(s).

**To slope the front:** Dec. 1 st. at the end—read beginning, when working right front—of the next row and 15 following 4th rows—56 (59) (62) sts.

Work 1 row—work 2 rows for right front.

**To shape the armhole and continue to slope the front:** Next row: Cast off 4 sts., pattern to end. Work 1 row—omit this row for right front.

Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on the next 7 rows, then on 2 (3) (4) following alternate rows, at the same time, dec. 1 st. at front edge on 1st of these rows and 2 (3) (3) following 4th rows—40 (41) (43) sts.

Keeping armhole edge straight, continue to dec. at front edge on every 4th row from previous dec. until a further 11 (11) (12) front decreases have been completed—29 (30) (31) sts.

Pattern 1 row—pattern 2 rows for right front.

**To slope the shoulder:** Cast off 7 (7) (8) sts. at the beginning of the next row and 2 following alternate rows.

Work 1 row, then cast off.

Continued overleaf





# WHAT IS LUCK?

Well, luck has been said to be doing the right thing . . . *at the right time*; But the problem remains. *When is the right time?* Anybody who tells you that there is a clear, precise answer to this question is trying to deceive you, though perhaps also deceiving himself! Astrology *tries* by investigating the Aspects (angles one's Ruler in the Zodiac . . . and *everyone* has a Ruler . . . bear to another Ruler at any time on a particular day) your Ruler has to another Ruler on a **STATED, DATED** day. The challenge to the astrologer is to decide what these Aspects mean, the Aspects themselves are *absolutely accurate* . . . it's how the astrologer reads them that matters to the man or woman studying their **DAILY** predictional Horoscope, 12,000 words in all, apart from the rest of the Horoscope. Though I *will* be often wrong in my **DAILY** predictions, I claim to be often so right that men and women the World over are amazed and delighted by my accuracy. This isn't all I do in a **FUTURESCOPE**. I also research the **RISING-Sign** (and what this can explain in character and life experience that isn't explained by the mere **BIRTH-Sign**!) and the vital **MOON-POSITION** at Birth and a system of numbers that are connected astrologically with a man or woman's birthdate and other factors.

## TAKE 20 SECONDS!

If you are over 18, let me tell you all about **DAILY** Predictional **RISING-Sign** **FUTURESCOPEs**, and give you some predictions for a few months ahead. Let me have your **FULL** names, **FULL** Postal Address and, **SO VITAL**, your **FULL BIRTHDATE**. I will then send you a **FREE** 1,500 word **PLANET-PARADE** that will analyse you by your **BIRTH-Sign** and tell you **ALL** about 365 Day Predictional **FUTURESCOPEs** that themselves **WON'T** solve all your problems, **BUT MAY WELL HELP YOU SOLVE MANY OF THEM!** If you have a 6p stamp handy, I would be grateful with the help towards cost, but, stamp or not, do write **NOW . . . TODAY!** **EVERYTHING I offer is GUARANTEED** to help you, **OR IT NEEDN'T COST YOU A PENNY!**

**MARIE-SIMONE**

**Studio W, Personal Box 57  
SUTTON, Surrey SM14QY**

**Polyether  
Foam**  
Cut to  
your  
requirements

**Fitted Covers, Curtaining**  
All densities of Foam and Dunlop Latex cut to any shape, size or thickness. Ideal for home seating, mattresses, caravan and boat cushions, etc. Fitted covers in hard wearing Regylon and Expanded Vinyl (PVC). Super Upholstery for loose cushioned 3-piece suites, cottage suites, etc. Quality printed curtaining by the yard or ready made.

Callers welcome at works: (Closed Monday)  
Foam For Comfort, East Busk Lane,  
off Pool Road, Otley, Tel: 56313  
Send SAE with exact sizes or for price list and patterns to:  
**FOAM FOR COMFORT**  
Dept. WWY, 25 Tinsill Lane, Leeds LS16 6BU, Tel: 673770



## Town or Country Style

*Continued*

**THE RIGHT FRONT:** With No. 9 needles cast on 79 (83) (87) sts. and rib 8 rows as given for back, increasing 1 st. at beginning of last row—80 (84) (88) sts.

Now work in pattern as follows:

**1st row:** P. 7 (3) (7), \* k. 1b., p. 1, k. 1b., p. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with p. 6.

**2nd row:** K. 6, \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 5; repeat from \* ending last repeat with k. 7 (3) (7).

These 2 rows set the position of the pattern for the right front, continue in pattern for a further 36 (28) (28) rows, then maintaining continuity of the pattern, dec. 1 st. at the end of the next row and 2 (3) (4) following 8th rows—77 (80) (83) sts.

Pattern 1 row, ending on a wrong-side row.

**To divide sts. for slit pockets:** Next row: Pattern 44 (46) (48), then leave these sts. on a spare needle for the 2nd half, cast on 32 (34) (36) to beginning of remaining sts. and pattern across these sts. for pocket lining, then pattern remaining sts. of row and work on these 65 (68) (71) sts. for the 1st half.

**The 1st half:** Pattern 5 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the end—side edge—of the next row and 4 following 8th rows—60 (63) (66) sts.

**Next row:** Pattern 28 (29) (30) and leave these sts. on spare needle, cast off the remaining 32 (34) (36) sts. and fasten off.

**2nd half:** With wrong side facing, rejoin yarn to remaining 44 (46) (48) sts. and pattern 39 rows.

**Next row:** Pattern 44 (46) (48) sts., then pattern across 28 (29) (30) sts. of 1st half—72 (75) (78) sts.

Now work as given for left front from \*\* to end, noting variations.

**THE SLEEVES (both alike):** With No. 9 needles cast on 69 (77) (77) sts.

Rib 4 rows as for back, increasing 1 st. at each end of the last row—71 (79) (79) sts.

Work 19 rows in pattern as given for back.

Change to No. 10 needles.

**Next (dec.) row:** K. 7, \* k. 2 tog., k. 6 (7) (7); repeat from \* 7 times—63 (71) (71) sts.

Work 19 rows in rib as given on back, ending on a right-side row.  
Change to No. 9 needles.

Pattern 16 rows, beginning with 1st pattern row to reverse cuff.

Maintaining continuity of the pattern, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every following 8th row until 12 (10) (12) inc. rows have been completed—87 (91) (95) sts.

Pattern 21 (37) (21) rows straight.

**To shape the top:** Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 6 (8) (10) following alternate rows. Work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 14 rows—37 sts.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows, then cast off the remaining 13 sts.

**THE COLLAR:** With No. 9 needles cast on 95 (95) (103) sts. and work 27 rows in pattern as given for back.

Cut yarn and slip these sts. on to a spare needle.

**The collar edging:** With-right side of work facing, using No. 9 needles, rejoin yarn to cast-on edge of collar and pick up and k. 27 sts. from row ends of short side, then work across 95 (95) (103) sts. on spare needle thus: k. 1, p. 5, \* k. 1b., p. 1, k. 1b., p. 5; repeat from \* until 1 st. remains, k. 1, pick up and k. 27 sts. from row ends of other short side—149 (149) (157) sts.

**1st row:** K. 1, \* p. 1, k. 1 \*; repeat from \* to \* 12 times, w.r.n., p. 1, w.fwd., k. 1; repeat from \* to \* 46 (46) (50) times, w.r.n., p. 1, w.fwd., k. 1; repeat from \* to \* 13 times—153 (153) (161) sts.

**2nd row:** Rib 27, \* k. 1b., w.fwd., k. 1, w.fwd., k. 1b. \*, rib 93 (93) (101), repeat from \* to \* once, rib 27.

**3rd row:** Rib 28, \* k. 1b., w.r.n., p. 1, w.fwd., k. 1b. \*, rib 95 (95) (103), repeat from \* to \* once, rib 28.

**4th row:** Rib 29, repeat from \* to \* on 2nd row, rib 97 (97) (105), repeat from \* to \* on 2nd row, rib 29.

Cast off in ribbing, working into back of each extra loop.

**THE FRONT BORDER:** Join shoulder seams. With No. 9 needles cast on 9 sts. and work in ribbing as given for back until border, when slightly stretched, fits up left front, all round neck and down right front, casting off when correct length is assured.

**THE POCKET EDGES: (both alike):** With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k. 33 sts. from row ends of pocket opening.

Beginning with 2nd rib row, work 7 rows in rib as given for back.

Cast off in rib.

**THE TIE BELT:** With No. 9 needles cast on 14 sts. and working in single rib, continue until belt measures 124 cm (48½ inches) 127 cm (50 inches) 132 cm (52 inches).

Cast off in rib.

**To make a fringe:** Using 2 strands at a time, each 40 cm (15½ inches) in length, knot a fringe at each end of belt.

**TO MAKE UP THE JACKET:** Press work using a hot iron over a damp cloth, omitting ribbing. Set in sleeves, then join sleeve and side seams, reversing seam on cuff. Sew front border into position and sew cast-on edge of collar to border. Catch down row ends of pocket edges, and pocket backs to wrong side. Press seams. Work a belt loop on each side seam, at waist level. Turn cuffs to right side.



# My natural shade is Poly.

All the Poly colourants are easy to use. Because they're creams they can't drip so they aren't messy. And you can always see exactly what you're doing.

Poly colourants give you the same natural shade every time you use them.

The special creams condition as they colour to keep your hair soft and natural.



**Poly Blonde.**  
The gentle lightening cream that brightens hair several shades lighter.



**Poly Color.**  
A complete range of shampoo-in-creams that create rich, natural colours for 6-8 weeks.



**Poly Tint.**  
A permanent cream that covers grey thoroughly and naturally.



**Poly Cream Colourants—specially creamy so they can't drip.**



but **Linco-Beer** shampoo gives you really beautiful hair with extra body....

Clean hair is easy. But if you still need 'body' after shampooing, and no setting lotion 'fuss'—you want LINCO-BEER shampoo.

Some people actually rinse their hair in beer to put back the 'body' shampoo takes out—but LINCO-BEER have put the beer in for you, for that added 'body and bounce' plus a beautiful perfume, too! So you get hair body and beauty every time—with nothing extra to do.

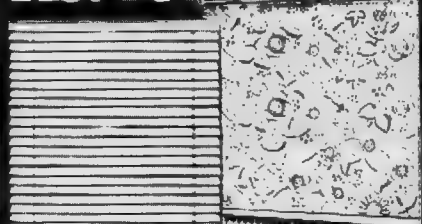
Sachets 9p. Small Barrels 24p. Large Barrels 45p—**LARGE BARREL SAVES YOU OVER 12p.**



**Linco-Beer  
Shampoo**

FROM CHEMISTS  
EVERYWHERE

**BEST-BUY**



**VENETIAN & ROLLER**

*Direct from the Factory...*

Venetian and roller blinds individually made to order at no extra cost! Top quality materials throughout. Despatched by express parcels service. Write now for details of big range available and low, low prices.

**Post today**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**FREE APPROVAL &  
BROCHURES**

**Reliant Blinds** DEPT WWC

31 Hill Avenue Amersham Bucks · Tel: 02403 6055



Narcissus February Gold—with frilled trumpets.

**C**HRISTMAS may seem a long way off, but indoor bulbs should be ordered at once if you want them in bloom on Christmas Day.

Most popular are the richly scented large Dutch Hyacinths and the white Roman Hyacinths. For early bloom you need specially treated bulbs planted in September or October—ordinary top-sized Hyacinths are for later forcing.

Grow them in well-drained pots of soil—Levington Potting Compost is good for this purpose—or in decorative bowls without drainage holes filled with bulb fibre.

Containers should be at least 12 cm (5 in.) deep, while new clay pots should be thoroughly soaked before use.

For a really massed display, plant the bulbs close together, that is, about 3-5 cm (1-2 in.) apart, with "noses" exposed and tips just showing above the bowl's rim.

Easiest method of planting is to half-fill the container with soil or damp bulb fibre, setting the bulbs in position before packing in more of the growing medium and lightly firming with the fingers.

A cool, dark start is essential for strong root development. This is obtained by standing the container in a shady spot in the garden—the foot of a north wall is ideal—and covering with peat or light soil to a depth of 15 cm (6 in.). Or if you have a cool, dark cellar or room, this is equally good provided the temperature does not rise above 7-10°C (45-50°F).

How does one prevent ornamental bowls from getting dirty when covered in this way? Wrap them in newspaper. In time this becomes damp and easily penetrable by the top growth of the bulbs.

# BRIGHT PROSPECT FOR WINTER

Now is the time to think about planting indoor bulbs for a splendid display of colour at Christmas, says JOY SIMMONS



A bowlful of double Tulips has a lavish look.

Prepared Hyacinths should be left in the plunge (or in the dark) for roughly eight weeks (twelve weeks in the case of untreated bulbs) or until the nose is well advanced. Then they can be moved to a warm, dark place with a temperature of 15-18°C (60-65°F) until flower buds stand well out of the neck.

Some bulbs—the Roman Hyacinth is one—can be grown in pebbles and water. Proceed as advised for bulbs in soil or fibre, with the difference that the bulbs are held firm in the pebbles, water being added to just below the bulb base. Grow them on in a cool, dark place until November, then move them into the light in a temperature around 10°C (50°F). Note that at this stage the temperature is much lower than for ordinary Hyacinths.

Other bulbs that do well in pebbles and water are the bunch-flowered Narcissi such as Narcissus Paperwhite grandiflora and prepared bulbs of Narcissus Cragford. These bulbs can be started in a cool place, either light or dark—temperature 7°C (45°F). Add a little charcoal to the water, using clean rain-water where possible. By the end of November the bulbs may be





Pink Hyacinths in a blue-patterned dish make a delightful picture.

moved to an airy room in the full light, in a temperature of 10-13°C (50-55°F).

Treated Narcissi grown in soil or fibre must be started in a dark place; otherwise the procedure is the same. For Christmas flowering, too, you can buy prepared bulbs of Narcissus Texas, a fully double cream, gold and yellow beauty, the golden yellow Daffodil Golden Harvest and the white and flame Barrett Browning.

Only a few Tulips can be forced into flower at Christmas, but among them are the lovely double Scarlet Cardinal, the rosy-carmine Christmas Marvel and the bright yellow Marshal Joffre.

The bulbs should be planted in early September, plunging the pots outdoors or standing them in a cool, dark spot until about the 1st December. Then move them to a dark place in a temperature of 18°C (65°F) until the plants have made another inch of growth, when they can be moved into the light in a maximum temperature of 20°C (68°F).

Two "specials" you might like to try are the Cape Cowslip (*Lachenalia pendula*) with drooping bell-like, coral-red flowers borne on stems 15-23 cm (6-9 in.) high and the Christmas Amaryllis (*Hippeastrum*).

Plant Cape Cowslip in early September, just covering the bulbs with compost, and stand them in a cold frame until the end of October. After that they should be moved into a light, airy position, away from draughts, temperature 10-13°C (50-55°F).

Bulbs of the Christmas Amaryllis should be planted during the second half of October, soaking the roots and base of bulb in tepid water for four or five days beforehand. Plant them in a mixture of

rich loam, leafmould and coarse silver sand or in John Innes Potting Compost No. 2. Spread the roots carefully when planting, and leave about half the bulb exposed. Strong growth is encouraged by bottom heat—I start mine on an off-peak radiator—but as soon as the buds form, the plants should stand on a sunny window-sill. Secrets of success—when starting the bulbs into growth at a temperature of 15-18°C (60-65°F), very little water should be given, otherwise leaves develop at the expense of flower buds. Apply liquid manure when flower spikes show.

If you're hoping for bloom after Christmas, have some shallow pans or bowls of the beautiful *Iris histrioides* major, *Iris reticulata*, winter-flowering *Crocus*, *Muscari Blue Pearl*, the scented *Muscari botryoides* album, *Scilla bifolia* and *Chionodoxa*.

Start them in a cool, dark place as suggested for other bulbs, planting the *Iris* 5 cm (2 in.) deep, the *Crocus* and others about 3 cm (1 in.) deep.

*Crocus*, by the way, are better left in the open until the flower buds show colour.

## SLOW BUT SURE

To ensure even development of Hyacinths, turn the container daily. Should one bulb hang fire, cover it with a cone made out of paper for a few days.

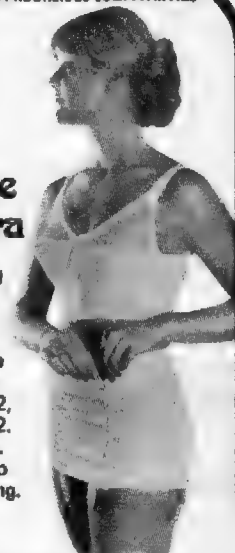
Never hurry Tulips; when first moved into the light, shade from sun.

All bulbs should be kept watered when taken indoors. *But don't overwater.* The soil or fibre should be just evenly damp.

ADVERTISEMENT



MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS  
COMFI-BELTS COMFI-HOOKSIDES COMFI-PANTIES



## Short Line Comfi-Bra

Front fastening  
bra in poplin.  
Adjustable  
stretch straps.  
Available in the  
following sizes:  
B cup — 34 - 42,  
C cup — 34 - 42.  
Price £4.00 inc.  
V.A.T. Plus 20p  
post and packing.

## Comfi-behave

Belts and Hooksides in 2 depths, 11 and 13 inches, in a specially woven cotton with a firm centre front panel. It has 4 adjustable suspenders. Ideal for all ages and for the fuller or sensitive figure. You are assured of comfort. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large, OS, XOS, XXOS. Belts — £6.20 (11") and £6.50 (13"). Hooksides — £6.90 (11") and £7.70 (13"). Both including V.A.T. Plus 20p for post and packing.

## Long Line Comfi-Bra



In white cotton  
with de-luxe  
stretch shoulder  
straps, instant  
adjustment.  
Bust cups in em-  
brodered cotton.  
Front fastening.  
Bust sizes (every  
2").

B Cup 34" to 42", C Cup and  
D Cup 36" to 58" £4.50 inc. V.A.T.  
Plus 20p for post and packing.

Please send cheque/P.O. with order.  
Delivery 7 - 10 days. Please state  
garment, bust, waist and depth sizes.

100% money refund for unspoiled  
garments returned if unsatisfactory.

## Scottish Knitwear

& Fashions Ltd

Department WW5

P.O. Box 40, Cramwell Street,  
Portsmouth PO1 1HU

Please send illustrated brochure

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## A WIFE FOR CHARLES

*Continued from page 34*

"It's not tidy because we didn't expect you quite yet," Becky apologised. "And it's not decorated because I thought you might prefer to have a say in that yourself. But at least the bed is made up."

Enchanted to be apologised to and happy to camp in the middle of cardboard boxes and spare furniture, Tessa received a spare nightdress of Becky's with every appearance of delight.

"I'm glad you're marrying Charles," she decided, rubbing her face against the silk.

**B**ECKY WENT downstairs, switching the lights off as she went. It was very odd that they should all be on like this.

On impulse, she decided to listen to some music before she went to bed. Soothing music might, she thought wryly, do something to calm her whirling brain. Head down, she pushed open the door of the drawing-room which stood slightly ajar, as if someone had quitted the room too pre-occupied to notice.

But they had not left the room. They were still there, locked fast in each other's arms.

Becky stopped dead, her eyes flaring with shock.

Charles, half-turned away from the door, was holding Annabel Smart in a comprehensive embrace. The lady stood on tiptoe. Her excellently manicured fingers were flexing themselves in his hair like the claws of a contented cat.

It was a scene too intimate to be witnessed. After one paralysed moment, Becky

*Continued overleaf*

## TIDE-MARK PROBLEM

*For years I've worn a peach-tinted foundation, and it always looked very nice, just that little bit better than my own skin. Recently, though, there seems to be a rather noticeable difference between my made-up face and my neck, and the effect is unnatural. Do you think I should make-up my neck as well?*

I don't think that would be practical, as foundations do leave marks on collars and around necklines of clothes. I suggest you use a foundation with less pink in it, say, a neutral beige, then supply some extra colour to your cheeks with a touch of brownish-pink blusher. I think you'll find that face and neck tones will then blend together very well.

## DULL HAIR

*Although I choose my shampoos carefully and use a conditioner regularly, my hair often looks quite dull. What do you think the reason could be for this?*

There could be several causes: Any medicine, even an aspirin, can dull hair, as can having a cold or being generally run-down, or eating an inadequate diet (possibly through over-zealous slimming). Or it could be that you don't rinse out your conditioner properly, or use too much of it. The quantity stated on the tube or bottle applies to an average head of hair, so if yours is rather short or not very abundant, you should use less.

# YOUR BEAUTY QUERIES

Rebecca Scott answers some of the letters sent in recently by readers

*Photo, courtesy of Ambre Solaire*

# Birthday

Made in Britain

## A gift at the price



**JULIA**  
Black, brown or red. Sizes and half sizes 11-5.



**BEVERLEY**  
Tan only. Sizes and half sizes 12-5.



**DIANA**  
Brown only. Sizes and half sizes 11-5.



**SALLY**  
Brown or black. Sizes and half sizes 11-5.

MADE IN BRITAIN BY

**Birthday**

FOR Saxone, Lilley and Skinner, Dolcis, Manfield





#### MORE SHAPELY LEGS

*My legs are quite slim, but I could do with a bit more calf and shapeliness. Would exercises help?*

You are right in thinking that toning up is a good idea. Here are three things you can do to improve your legs. 1. Try walking on tip-toe some of the time when you're around the house.

2. Several times a day, kick your shoes off and, standing with heels together, slowly rise on to your toes, pause for a few seconds, and sink to the ground again.

3. Dancing is very good for the legs, as is climbing stairs. Try, too, to vary the heel height of the shoes you wear.

#### ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM

*Do you think the expensive creams which claim to banish wrinkles do any good?*

These creams achieve their results by contracting the skin in the wrinkled area, and most of them have a temporary effect which lasts a matter of hours; you can get a rather similar effect with beaten white of egg, applied with a tiny pad of cotton wool. I personally feel the effect of neither is very natural, and that the skin *looks* as though something is holding it taut.

#### TOO-BRIGHT LIPSTICK

*My daughter told me I looked dated with my rather pale pink lipstick, so I bought a vivid new red one. But I think it doesn't suit me—it looks rather garish. It was an expensive mistake for me to make, so I wondered if you had any suggestions.*

You don't say what your natural colouring is. If you are quite fair, or have grey hair, a bright red lipstick could look wrong, as it could if you are on the pale side and don't wear a tinted foundation or make-up base. No need to throw the lipstick out, though. If you wear a peachy or medium beige foundation, the red will look less intense. Make a point, too, of emphasising your eyes with delicate eye shadow, a touch of mascara and eyebrow pencil. Mouth and eyes should always "balance" each other.

# all leather uppers £5.99

in sizes and half sizes from 11-5



**JUDITH**  
Tan or black.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 13-5.



**GILLIAN**  
Tan only.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 13-5.



**ANGELA**  
Tan only.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 13-5.

Give them a head start this term with Birthday.  
All shoes are made with real leather uppers  
and sturdy moulded soles.  
You can't do better at the price.

reeman Hardy Willis and Trueform Shops. Also Selfridges, Lewis's and other department stores.

ADVERTISEMENT

**The easy way to exciting fashion**



**Send only 25p**

For a deposit of only 25p you can send for this smart knitted Navy dress with denim trim collar, and then pay the simple month by month way, with eight payments. The dress is fashionably styled, with denim belt, self-tie neck, and back zip fastener.

Specially chosen to wear with the dress is the polo neck fashion top, in Burgundy or Airforce Blue which is only £1.99 cash. The dress for only 25p deposit, and the top for only £1.99 cash + 40p P&P. This is the easy way to get smart co-ordinated fashion... from Quality Post.

**PRICE £12.45**

**FREE CREDIT FREE DELIVERY**

**DRESS: SIZES 10, 12, 14, 16 COLOUR: Navy Washable. Fibre: Acrylic. Model No. SP 30840**

**FASHION TOP: SIZES: S (32"/34") M (36") L (38") COLOURS: Burgundy Airforce Blue Washable. Fibre: Nylon Model No. SP 21880**

**QUALITY POST Dept 67/982 Granville House, P.O. Box 180, 7 Dale Street, Manchester X, M60 1DR**

State name, address, items, colour, sizes, and ref nos. You can send full cash total if preferred. We reserve the right to refuse orders.

**CREDIT OVER 18 ONLY**

**BLACKPOOL LIGHTS**

**Save yours! See ours!**

**NIGHTLY TO 31 OCT**

**The greatest free show on earth!**

**FREE GUIDE from Dept 25**

**TOWN HALL, BLACKPOOL FY11LY A Golden Ray Resort**


**LEISURECRAFT JEWELLERY**

is a really exciting and delightful hobby that gives hours of fun and pleasure at remarkably low cost.

**IT'S SIMPLE! IT'S PROFITABLE!**

Write now for our beautiful FREE coloured catalogue

**LEISURECRAFTS (W) LTD., 546 Romford Rd., E12**



**A WIFE FOR CHARLES**

*Continued*

stepped back. But not quite quickly enough.

In the midst of their mutual absorption they had somehow detected her presence. Annabel froze. Charles, one hand going almost absent-mindedly to detach her clinging arms, lifted his head and turned to the doorway. His hair was tousled and he was breathing hard. Embarrassed, and more than that, Becky went instantly into full retreat.

"I'm frightfully sorry," she murmured, backing. "I shouldn't have—I mean, I didn't know anyone was here. I thought you'd gone, Charles."

He stared at her blankly. She found she was shaking, and put an unsteady hand out to the nearest object for support. It chanced to be the doorknob. She leant on it heavily.

Her heart was pounding almost painfully against her rib cage. She put her hand to her side to ease it. Closing her eyes briefly, she fought for self-control. "I'm sorry," she said again. "Forgive me."

She retreated in fairly good order from the drawing-room, pulling the door gently to behind her. Then, dignity falling from her with some rapidity, she fled up the stairs, one flight to the comparative safety of the darkened first floor, two flights to her bedroom and home. She should have been calm, collected, quite indifferent to Charles's behaviour. Dismayingly, she realised she was none of those things.

It never occurred to her that Charles would follow her. There was Annabel, after all, to be soothed, mollified and reassured.

Becky gave an involuntary cry, part childish fury, part wholly adult pain. Of course, she was not in the least indifferent, and hadn't been for weeks. She found she could have sobbed aloud.

Unguardedly, she sank on to her dressing-stool, her hand to her mouth. The feelings of shame, impatience and grief that assailed her were like a physical onslaught. Becky leant forward with her head in her hands.

She did not hear the door open, and so Charles discovered her.

"Becky!" For a moment he sounded panic-stricken and quite unlike his normal unruffled self.

She did not turn. She found, slightly to her surprise, that she was crying, and did not want him to see her tears. When he switched on the lamp on the dressing-table beside her, she flinched away from it. He stood watching her almost helplessly. "Becky," he said again, more quietly. "Are you all right?"

She dropped her hands and looked at them, folded tightly in her lap. "Yes, thank you," she said in a wooden little voice.

"Are you sure?" He hesitated a moment and then dropped a hand on her hunched shoulder. "You seem—rather fraught."

"So would you," said Becky, her voice not quite breaking, "if you'd had the day I have."

The tears welled up again, most inconsiderately, and she sniffed. Charles silently handed her a comfortingly large white handkerchief.

"Thank you." She mopped her eyes, dried her cheeks and blew her nose hard.

**L**OOKING UP she found him regarding her with a very strange expression.

Confused, she blew her nose again. His eyes began to dance. He went down on his haunches in front of her and took

the handkerchief from her limp grasp.

"Sometimes," he said very softly, "I have the greatest difficulty in remembering that you are no longer a child."

She was hurt. "Don't laugh at me," she said sharply.

"Laugh at you?" he echoed. "I wouldn't dare."

"Yes, you would," said Becky resentfully. "You've always laughed at me."

"Then you can't expect me to stop now," he said outrageously. He smiled at her very kindly.

"Better now?"

"There's nothing wrong with me that about twenty-four hours' sleep won't cure."

His eyes narrowed. "Isn't there?"

She glared at him. "What should be?"

"Well, forgive me if I've made a mistake, but I thought you'd had something of a shock."

Becky set her teeth. "You mean, interrupting you and Annabel like that?"

He didn't answer that directly. "You went white," he said reflectively. "I've read about it, but I've never actually seen it happen before. You looked like a ghost."

"How very disconcerting for you," she commiserated.

"Rather more than that," he said ruefully. "I was worried."

He would have continued but she interrupted: "Then I owe you an apology. There is no need to worry. It was unfortunate, but it was quite as much my fault as yours. I had no business to be barging in like that. I'm very sorry. I wouldn't have embarrassed you for the world."

This very handsome apology did not seem to placate him as it should have done. For an instant, thought Becky, quailing, he looked as angry as she had ever seen him. Then he drew away from her and stood up.

"As you say, the blame is about equally divided. I thought you would be in bed. You're not usually up as late as this."

"No," she agreed miserably.

His eyes grew keen. "So why are you tonight? I assume you weren't lying in wait for me?"

Becky flushed and, in her turn, stood up. "I wouldn't spy on you," she said proudly.

Charles sighed. "I didn't suggest that you would. I simply thought you might have something you wanted to discuss and have waited up for me to do so." He put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her towards him. "Becky, why is it that I can't say the most innocent thing to you without you misinterpreting it?"

"I don't think—" she began stiffly, but he didn't let her finish.

"Oh, but you do. That's the trouble. If you thought a bit less and listened a bit more we might deal together much more comfortably."

"Don't be so smug," snapped Becky. "I listened to you this afternoon when you told me you were going to Edinburgh and look what happens."

**H**E TOOK her agitated hands and held them in a firm clasp against his chest. "Becky, my dear fool, will you listen to me? I was worried when I left you. You were so listless. I couldn't get it out of my head. So when I got to the station I telephoned Annabel and asked her to come over and see whether you were all right."

"That was thoughtful of you," said Becky with heavy irony.

"She found the place empty, as if you'd



# NEXT WEEK BIG TOY PULL-OUT WITH LIFE-SIZE PATTERNS

An 8-page pull-out of enchanting stuffed toys. Cuddly rag doll twins; three bears and their cottage; and the small hamster family—grandma, grandpa, proud parents and baby in pram.



## NEW AIRLINE SERIAL

Simon Dexter had caused trouble enough in the Morton family, and now he had reappeared in stewardess Alatheia's life, as the formidable check captain on an all-important flight. Dislike him she might . . . avoid him she could not! Don't miss Betty Beaty's new novel FLY AWAY LOVE.

## CAN YOU BE PERSUADED?

You'll find it hard to resist our bargain offer of mix and match, ready-to-wear, honey colour suede separates. A stud-fastened waistcoat for £7.95 or V-neck jerkin for £9.25. And a panelled A-Line skirt for £9.95. Buy them separately or save even more by buying skirt and jerkin, or skirt and waistcoat packed together.



## CLOAK, CARDIGAN AND CUSHION

Dashing hooded cloak with tassel fringing, to knit in fancy moss stitch. Combine the natural colour of Aran with sizzling contrasts for a happy-go-lucky jacket. For crochet fans, motifs make striking cushions and a rug.

## MAIN DISH COOKERY

Janet Warren shows you how to stuff a marrow, and shares her latest mouth-watering main dish recipes—Cheesy Family Pie, Orange and Pork Casserole, Layered Mince Pie and Liver Goulash.

# BE SURE TO GET YOUR WOMAN'S WEEKLY NEXT WEEK

rushed out. Or been dragged, she thought. She was alarmed, so she got through to me at the station and I came home." He lifted her chin. "I was worried about you."

"Are you trying to say you were wrapped in Annabel's arms because you were worried about me?" she demanded, incredulous at his effrontery.

"Goodness, you're hidebound. Can't you unlock your mind, just the tiniest bit?"

"Believe your story, you mean?"

"Would that be so terrible?"

"Yes," said Becky flatly. Shock had given place to blazing anger. "I've made my own decisions and formed my own views all my life. I'm not going to spend the rest of it looking at the world through a pair of glasses that you've made for me."

"You think that's what I want you to do?" he said curiously.

"Well, don't you?"

He shook his head sorrowfully. "You always misjudge me."

She was shaking with anger while he still seemed to be quite composed.

"Let me make myself clear," she went on. "We had an agreement which I thought you understood. It included no right on your part to interfere in my life in any way. Do you hear? No right at all."

He smiled, not pleasantly. "You are mistaken," he said with composure.

His hands closed like a vice on her arms. Preoccupied as she was with her own fury, Becky had not observed that Charles, too, had lost his temper. His eyes were black with it, and his mouth was a tight line.

"No," she said faintly, protesting as much at the unforgiving anger she saw in his face as at the pain in her arms.

He ignored her. He shook her a couple of times and then, as if suddenly overcome by impatience, wrenched her into his arms.

He kissed her with an abandon for which she was wholly unprepared. Nothing had ever led her to suspect that Charles,

always so coolly master of himself and the situation, would ever permit himself to be stampeded out of his habitual calm.

But now that control had been flung aside and with it, she found, the last vestige of her immunity to him.

At first she fought strenuously against his hold. It was pure instinct. Then she found she was frightened, though she could not have said of what, and she might just as well have been Tessa's age for all the poise left her. Her head began to swim, and soon she was clinging to him as the only steady thing in a wildly rocking universe. His arms tightened, and she gave herself up to the unexpectedly sweet exhilaration.

Finally, he raised his head. "We should have done that a long time ago," he said, his voice husky but otherwise unmistakably in his old sardonic tone.

She swallowed shakily.

"Truce?" he asked.

*Continued overleaf*



*Still* Britain's favourite butter.





## A WIFE FOR CHARLES

Continued

She closed her eyes and drew away from him. "No," she said in an uneven voice. Her throat felt dry. "No, no, no."

"I am not," Charles told her with great patience, "going to squabble with you any more this evening. I'm much too tired. Either you simmer down or I leave you."

"Do that," she told him bitterly. "Permanently." She walked away from him, astonished to find that her knees were shaking. "Go on. I hate you."

She said it with conviction. Looking round at him she discovered that he believed her. He gave a little half-shrug of resignation and smiled lop-sidedly.

"I can see you do." His voice was full of self-mockery. "If that's what you want—I'll go." He paused at the door, as if hoping she would say something, but her voice was wholly suspended and her eyes full of anger. Charles said softly, "Goodbye, Becky."

**B**ECKY'S FIRST instinct was the coward's way: to pack her bags and retreat again into oblivion. But then common sense reasserted itself. There was Tessa to consider.

Trying to decide what to do for the best, Becky at last faced the truth that she had been skirting, she thought, all her life. Charles was necessary to her. She could not contemplate life without him. His wit, his style had formed a cornerstone in the view of life she had built for herself. For years she had been measuring other men against his image, and always she had found them wanting. Her very passion for Tony Milane had been a distortion of this

perspective. Because Tony had been so helplessly inadequate, so utterly inferior to Charles, she had thrown herself headlong into his defence. Charles could meet the world on its own terms and win. Tony needed special pleading.

She spent a desperate night, not even bothering to go to bed, so certain was she that sleep would elude her. She was heavy-eyed and preoccupied when she greeted Tessa across the breakfast table the following morning.

"How am I going to get back to that place?" demanded Tessa after a particularly long silence during which Becky had sat crumbling bread between her fingers and staring drearily into space.

"I'll drive you," said Becky, who had not thought about it.

"But what about your wrist?"

"It'll be all right, I expect. If I have a disaster, you'll have to step into the breach." Becky smiled lamely.

Tessa, who was just learning to drive, was perfectly willing.

"But what about getting back?" she asked dubiously.

"Perhaps I won't come back," Becky said grimly.

Of Charles there was no sign. Presumably he had resumed his interrupted journey to Edinburgh.

Becky reversed the car out of the garage with difficulty. Her arm in its plaster impeded her more than she had hoped, and she was glad enough to surrender the steering wheel to Tessa once they were on the open road.

At the school, Becky made her excuses to the headmistress who was not going to chide too harshly the guardian of a child whose parents paid as lavishly as did the

Mellorys. Becky disliked her instantly and irremediably, and determined to do her utmost to persuade Charles that Tessa should leave her care.

Not that her words were likely to carry any weight with him, she told herself glumly. She had lost any right she might have had to try to influence him by her outburst last night. Filled with compunction, she began to reproach herself.

**A**T THAT point she had a puncture. This sudden intrusion into her mood of gentle melancholy was extremely disconcerting.

Stopping the car she got out and surveyed the damage. The back offside wheel subsided under her affronted eyes and the car tilted drunkenly. In her haste to pull up, she had driven too close to the verge of the country lane and now the car slid slowly into the ditch.

The lane looked desolate. She had noticed no habitation on the road on which she had come, and so elected to go forward rather than back. If she could not find a garage, she reasoned, she might at least track down a telephone and thence call a breakdown service.

It was a long walk. Very soon her shoes raised a blister on her heel and at last she kicked them off and walked barefoot in the weedy margin.

The breakdown service could not promise any help for another three hours, so Becky installed herself in the otherwise deserted snug of the only pub in the village and ordered some salad and a glass of beer.

And was there found by an anxious Charles. A door banged, and she vaguely

Continued overleaf

## Best seller.



The new Empire Stores Catalogue can be a best seller for you because it's a fabulous department store in a single book. There's no other quite like it - we don't put out the same catalogue with a lot of different names and covers.

In 876 full-colour pages you'll find something for everyone. All available on free approval and generous credit terms. And we give you a friendly, personal service, fast delivery and 10% commission in cash or 12½% in goods on everything you order.

With our catalogue you've a best seller at your finger tips  
So why not post the coupon today.

# Empire

**The Empire Stores Catalogue.**  
It's different because  
you're different.

Fill in this coupon and send it in an unstamped sealed envelope to: Empire Stores Limited, Freeport, Bradford BD99 4XR  
I am interested in becoming an Empire Agent. I am over 18

Name (Mr, Mrs, Miss)

Address

Town

County

Postal Code

WW 356

The right to refuse applications is reserved

FREE POST  
NO STAMP  
NEEDED



# Quick

Last chance for Peter Craig's  
**FREE** catalogue

Don't be disappointed. Send for your free copy now! and enjoy these fantastic shopping benefits. ★ Credit choice - No deposit with 20 weeks to pay on everything - 38 weeks on more expensive items. And no extra charge for credit. ★ Commission choice - £1 back for every £10 you spend - £1.25 if you prefer goods. ★ Fashion choice - tops for Autumn. ★ Quality choice - top brands, double guaranteed. ★ Simple choice - you pick, we deliver FREE.

Peter Craig, Balcarross Road, Preston



**Free**  
900-page catalogue  
plus FREE GIFT  
when you  
start

**Hurry!**  
**FREE**  
**POST**  
**TODAY**  
No stamp  
needed

**Come in with Peter Craig**  
the catalogue that keeps its promises

Please send me without obligation details of becoming a Peter Craig Agent, plus my FREE catalogue and news of my Free Gift. I am over 18

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Name

Address

Postcode

This offer is not applicable to N. Ireland, Channel Islands or overseas. The right to refuse any application is reserved.

139 227

Cut out coupon, pop it in an envelope and send to:  
**Peter Craig, FREEPOST, Chorley, Lancs. PR7 3BR**

## A WIFE FOR CHARLES

*Continued*

heard a question flung out like a challenge by someone. Several voices answered and there was a flurry of activity. She ignored it until the ancient wooden door of the snug was sent crashing back on its hinges and Charles stormed into the room.

Instantly she was on her feet, excuses crowding into her head. She had done so much that was inexcusable: screamed at him like a fishwife, hidden his sister from him, driven his car into a ditch.

"What in the name of hell's delight do you think you're doing?" he demanded between clenched teeth.

The door swung gently to behind him. Becky blushed and hung her head. "I'm very sorry . . ."

"Sorry?" It ripped out at her. "You take off into the middle of next week without so much as the grace to let me know you're going and you have the gall to say you're sorry?"

She quailed. "I—I—er—thought you were in Scotland."

"So I gather," he said furiously. "So I should be, damn it. And if I had been, you'd have skipped, wouldn't you? Packed your bags and done a bunk like a blasted schoolgirl. For the last time, Becky, I will not have it. You have got to grow up."

She blinked under the accusations raining about her. "I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do. And I won't put up with it any more. I stood back and let you run away last time after Milane, because I thought you'd been hurt and wanted to lick your wounds in private. And look

*Continued overleaf*

UNTIL we all become familiar with metric measurements, it is useful to be able to compare the new with the old. Mothers will be given their baby's weight in kilograms (kg)—kilos for short—and grams (g) instead of pounds and ounces. Babies' bottle feeds will be measured in millilitres (ml) or cubic centimetres (c.c.) instead of fluid ounces.

Baby's clothes will often be sized in centimetres (cm) and his or her temperature measured on a Centigrade thermometer instead of a Fahrenheit one.

To help fix some of the important weights and measures in the mind, here are some simple metric conversion tables.

### Baby's Birth Weight (1 kilogram = 2 lb. 3½ oz.) (1 lb. is approx. ½ kg)

kg	lb. oz.	kg	lb. oz.
2.00	4 7	3.50	7 11
2.25 (2¼)	4 15	3.75	8 4
2.50 (2½)	5 8	4.00	8 13
2.75 (2¾)	6 1	4.25	9 6
3.00	6 10	4.50	9 15
3.25	7 3		

As rule of thumb, you can double baby's weight in kg to give you an approximation of his weight in pounds.

You may find baby's weight written as so many thousand grams. For example, 3250 g would equal 3.25 (3¼) kg or approx. 7½ lb. Baby will probably put on about 4.25 kg (9½ lb.) in the first six months of life, and

## Matron Advises...

# GOING METRIC WITH BABY



another 2.50 kg (5½ lb.) in the second six months, so that the rough guide of trebling the birth weight at a year is reasonably accurate.

Once your child has reached about 30 lb. in weight, it is usual to express it in stones, so here are some conversions to help you understand your growing child's weight.

# WHY BUY YESTERDAY'S ANTISEPTICS WHEN TODAY'S COST YOU LESS!



Think how much more we know about hygiene in 1976 than when some of Britain's best-known antiseptics were first on sale! From this great pool of knowledge, Sterling Homecare has developed Izal Antiseptic—a product with all the qualities modern housewives demand but at a price which is not higher but actually lower than older brands.

Sterling Homecare is uniquely qualified to develop "hygiene products you can trust." Our scientists have pioneered the field for 100 years. They gave housewives the protection first of Izal Germicide, then of Sanizal and Zal Pine Disinfectant.

Today, in creating Izal Antiseptic, they have been able to call upon the world-wide technical resources of a vast medically-based organisation.

So, when you choose Izal you give your family all the reassurance of a modern antiseptic—and give yourself a sizeable discount. That's the kind of benefit everybody wants!

**Sterling Homecare**  
Hygiene products you can trust



**IZAL. Today's antiseptic. Today's price.**



When weighing your child or measuring out an infant's feed, it's "all change" to kilograms and millilitres



**1 stone = 14 lb. = 6.35 kg (approx. 6½ kg)**

stone	kg	stone	kg
2 is approx.	12.50	5 is approx.	32.00
3 is approx.	19.00	6 is approx.	38.00
4 is approx.	25.50	7 is approx.	44.50

An average normally growing child will put on about 2 kg in the second year of his life, and between 2 and 2.75 kg during each of the third, fourth and fifth years.

Baby's length or your child's height will be expressed in centimetres up to 100, which is a metre—approximately 39 inches or 3 ft. 3 in.

**A new baby measures about 51 cm (20 in.)**

At one year about 75 cm (30 in.)

At two years about 85 cm (33 in.)

At five years about 109 cm (43 in.)

Baby's clothes are often given in weights or ages, but you may see the size marked in centimetres as well. Here is a scale of sizing which would be a useful guide when choosing clothes up to five years.

**(1 inch is roughly 2½ centimetres)**

Age of Child	Size Required (based on height)
Birth to 3 months (first size)	60 cm
3 to 9 months	70 cm
9 to 18 months	80 cm
1½ to 2½ years	90 cm
2½ to 4 years	100 cm
4 to 5 years	110 cm

Other useful measurements to know are the chest sizes:

22 in. equals	56 cm
24 in. equals	61 cm
26 in. equals	66 cm
28 in. equals	71 cm
30 in. equals	76 cm

Metrication enters into baby's feeding during the first year, but most baby foods and measuring equipment such as bottles and measuring jugs have both imperial and metric measurements side by side.

However, when preparing baby's bottle here are some quick comparisons.

**1 fluid ounce equals 28.4 millilitres (ml)**  
Sometimes you will find this expressed as c.c., for a cubic centimetre is the same as a millilitre.

Oz.	ML (approx.)
1	28½
2	57
3	85
4	113
5	142
6	170
7	199
8	227

**Bottles will probably read up to 250 ml, measuring jugs up to 1 litre or 1.7 pints.**

Finally, it is important to be able to use a Centigrade thermometer for baby's body temperature, milk and bath water, as well as for the air temperature of his room in winter.

#### Body Temperatures

Normal	37°C (98.6°F)
Sub normal (very rare)	35.0 to 36.0°C
Low fever	37.2 to 38.3°C
Moderate fever	38.3 to 39.4°C
High temp. (over 103°F)	39.5 to 40.0°C

Bath water and baby's feed should hover around the 38°C mark (100°F).

The room temperature for a baby under a year should not fall below 20°C (68°F).



## Corns. This is the gentle way to make them disappear.

A corn is something to make jokes about. Until you get one. Then it's no joke at all.

Fortunately, there's a remedy—Carnation Corn Caps.

The minute you apply a Carnation cap, the special felt pad reduces pressure on the corn. And, within a week or so, you can simply lift the corn out.

Easily. And painlessly.

It sounds simple doesn't it?

It is. That's the beauty of it.

**Carnation Corn Caps.**  
They make painful corns disappear.

From your chemist. (He stocks Carnation Corn Paint too.)

A product of **Carnation**



**Send for  
Kays new  
Autumn  
Catalogue  
today**

There's nothing like it for quality or value. Over a thousand full-colour pages packed with goods for all the family. And with many **BRAND NAMES** too.

Kays send everything on 14-days' approval, give you free credit, and commission on *all* orders. Get your Kays catalogue now. Complete this coupon at once!

**For those who expect the best**

Please send me, without obligation, my *free* Catalogue and details of how to run a Kays agency. PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS 60/7848

Mr/Mrs/Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (I am over 18)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_ Post Code \_\_\_\_\_

Post now to **KAY & CO. LTD., FREEPOST, WORCESTER WR1 1JF** (No stamp required)



United Kingdom only  
The right to refuse  
any application is reserved

**PHONE FOR  
A CATALOGUE**  
(24 hours a day)  
Just dial 100.  
ask for  
**FREEPHONE  
No. 2151.**  
We pay for  
the call.



## Start him off to work with the Sanatogen Smile.

We all need vitamins. They're essential for good health. In theory, we should be able to get all the vitamins we need from a proper, balanced diet.

Some days, though, he may not be getting the right kind of food. For instance he may be eating food that's been kept hot for some time, which can reduce the vitamin content. He may just grab a snack. Or there could even be lunchtimes when he doesn't eat at all.

Sanatogen Multivitamins contain essential vitamins and minerals we need every day, to help ensure good health.

A Sanatogen tablet at breakfast time will make sure that he gets the vitamins and minerals needed to take him right through the day.

Has your husband got the Sanatogen Smile?



**sanatogen multivitamins**  
One a day, everyday, for positive health.



## A WIFE FOR CHARLES

Continued

what happened! You almost married Tounsend."

"No, I didn't."

"Don't interrupt. You are the most extraordinarily inefficient woman I've ever met. You seem to have no sense of self-preservation. The moment anything goes wrong, you just stand still and let the world hit you. Then up sticks and away!"

"I don't..."

"Well, I've had enough. Heaven knows, I never wanted to dictate to you, as you seem to think, nor to run your life. But don't forget it's my life too, now. And you are not," said Charles, reaching for her with determination, "running out on me again."

"I wasn't running out," protested Becky, quite bewildered.

That gave him pause. "No? Are you sure?"

SHE WHISKED herself away from him indignantly. "I was taking Tessa back to school. You didn't know because I didn't have time to tell you, but she tried to run away from that school last night. I—er—collected her, put her up for the night and I've just taken her back there."

He looked at her through narrowed eyes. "I know," he said softly, surprising her. "I've just seen Tessa."

"Oh! But how...?"

"Tessa and I met at the breakfast table this morning before I went to the office to get someone to stand in for me in Edinburgh."

Becky was bewildered. "She didn't tell me."

"Perhaps she didn't think you'd be interested. She told me about your rescuing her. She found it very impressive, I gather."

Becky blushed. "She should have told me," she muttered.

"You told her this morning that you might not be coming back to London, didn't you? And she was terrified that you were going to disappear into the blue. She

telephoned me from school, as soon as you dropped her. Not," he added grimly, "that it was any surprise to me. I've been expecting you to take off ever since you said you'd marry me."

"Have—have you?"

Becky sat down heavily on the old wooden settle, her mind in a turmoil. "But if you wanted to call it off, why didn't you say so?" she asked.

Charles came and sat down beside her, taking possession of her hands very deliberately. "I didn't say I wanted to call it off," he murmured, almost absently. "I said I thought you would want to. In fact, I thought you would do so the moment you found out I was in love with you."

She was stunned. She tried to speak and discovered that her voice had wholly deserted her. So she continued to stare at his bent head in silence.

"Only you didn't find out, did you? You were so busy declaiming to the world how sensible we were that you just didn't take the time to notice that I am not—and never have been—sensible about you."

"Charles—" she began in a strangled voice, but he hardly seemed to hear her.

"No, you'd better let me finish now I've started. I should have done it weeks ago, if I hadn't been so frightened it would scare you away. Weeks!" He laughed bitterly. "I ought to have done it two years ago when you left Milane."

"No!" she protested.

"You might as well hear me out, now I've started. Then you can run away and pretend it never happened," he said ironically. "The truth is, Becky, that I didn't talk you into this for any of the artificial and highly convincing reasons that you have concocted in that fertile brain of yours. I wanted to marry you because I loved you. I've loved you a long time. When you threw down that challenge—" he sighed—"well, at the time it seemed a heaven-sent opportunity. I shouldn't have done it, I suppose. It wasn't very chivalrous when I knew you didn't love me, but we had spent so long like a couple of planets circling at different speeds, I thought this time

Continued overleaf

## Help your child with Early Learning

The help you give your child in the early years is all important. But like many parents you may not be quite sure what activities to encourage, or which toys and books to buy.

To help you, the Early Learning Centre has developed a new scheme of carefully sequenced activities, games, books and toys. Each month you receive a selection of outstanding learning materials chosen by experts for your child's age group and to give many hours of fun as well as to develop basic skills, imagination and creativity. There is no commitment at any time, you pay for each month's pack only after you receive it. To join the scheme and receive your first Early Learning pack on approval, send the coupon to:

Early Learning Centre, 67 London Street, Reading, (Telephone 0734 863444).

Plus exciting FREE BOOK!

For your child when you decide to buy your first pack.



**Early Learning Centre**

Post to: Early Learning Centre, 67 London Street, Reading.

Please send me my first Early Learning pack together with my free book. I will then either send you £1.95 (plus p & p), receiving monthly Early Learning packs for as long as I wish to continue, or return the first pack and book within ten days and owe nothing. I am free to cancel at any time.

Child's date of birth / / 19

Your name and address .....

42/2

Scientific Medication Works Quickly, for Hours

## Problem Itching Solved

Even Personal Membrane Itching

Now you can get fast, long-lasting relief from the misery of itching, chafing, rashes, dry skin itch, even embarrassing personal membrane itch (vaginal and rectal itching), with LANACANE Medicated Creme.

Thousands of women and men suffer the misery of personal membrane itching. But now they are discovering the wonderful relief that LANACANE brings.

You see, itching causes scratching, which causes more itching. That's the misery of what doctors recognise as the "Itch-scratch-itch" cycle. LANACANE relieves itching fast, quiets the urge to scratch. Then LANACANE soothes irritated skin, checks bacteria growth, speeds healing. It's so pleasant to use—it's greaseless, has no unpleasant odour. Stop the misery of problem itching. Try LANACANE now.

At your chemist.

# LANACANE

## Health and Your Family

by Dr. Hugh Alistair

### WARTS

WARTS are caused by a virus, which must be regarded as an infinitely small bacterium. Very rarely indeed are they of more serious origin. They are of great personal and cosmetic inconvenience to both patient and doctor, because if they are numerous they are occasionally difficult to heal; and a wart when healed may recur elsewhere in the body. Although they are "catching", some people are immune, others are highly susceptible.

A wart is caused by a localised overgrowth of the various skin layers, forming a small lump.

The common wart varies in size from a pinhead to a pea, arising mainly on the hands and fingers. Another form occurs on the sole of the foot, resembles a corn, and may be painful if, as often happens, it is at a

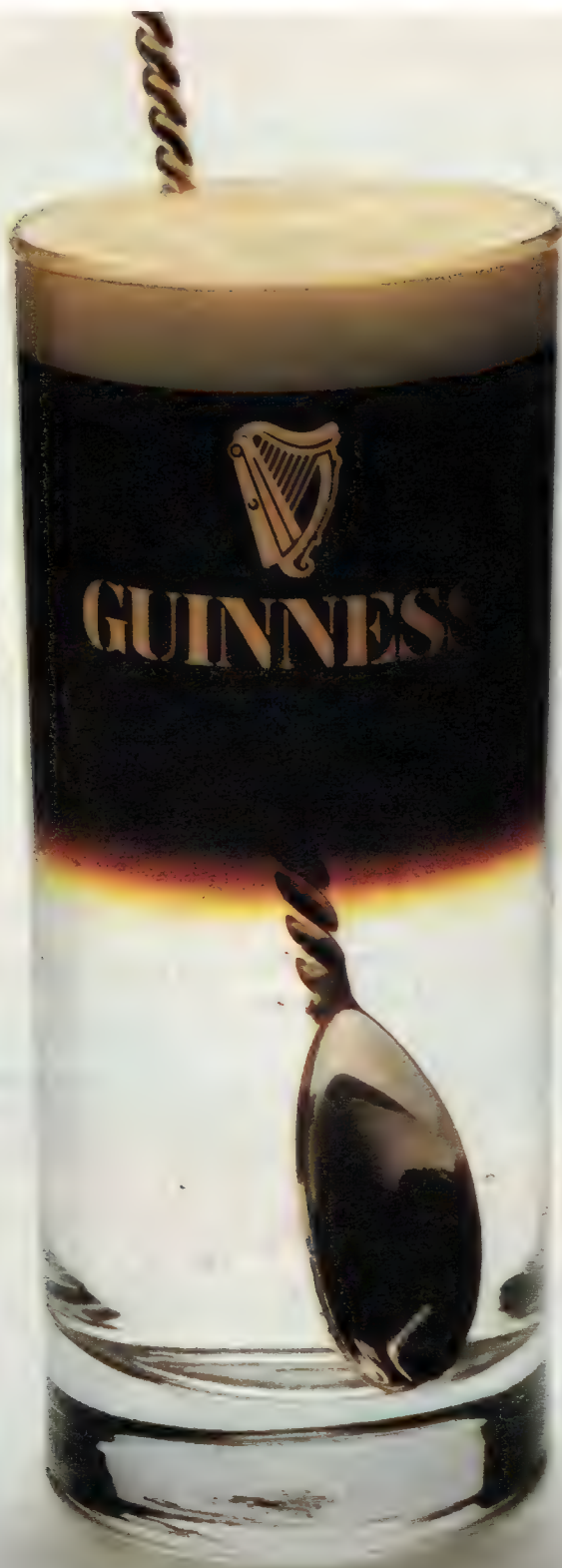
point of pressure when you are walking.

A further type of wart is flat-topped, flesh coloured and virtually invisible when it is single. This variety chooses for its position the face, forehead, back of hand and front of knees, particularly in young people.

There is another type of wart which is thin and elongated, sticking out from the skin for up to, say, a quarter of an inch in length. Finally, there is an unpleasant type of wart, soft and fleshy, that often occurs near the genital and bowel openings.

How do you treat a wart? There are dozens of ways, and if one does not work, another will. Leave it entirely alone and it may disappear; obscuring it with sticking plaster may also cause it to disappear. Local application of prescribed preparations, such as salicylic acid or picric acid or podophyllin or formalin will do the trick; or the wart may need to be cauterised by your doctor, or curetted or treated with liquid nitrogen.

The enormous number of treatments available means that no single one can be guaranteed to cure. But the person with a wart can be sure that it will be got rid of in one way or another; even though it may eventually recur!



### WE'LL MEET YOU HALF WAY.

If you're not quite ready for the strong, dry taste of Guinness,  
try mixing it fifty-fifty with lemonade.

If you're clever, you can pour Guinness so that it floats on top of lemonade.  
It looks impressive and tastes delicious.

And it's worth a try, if only for the novelty of drinking  
the white part through the black part, through the white part.



## A WIFE FOR CHARLES

Continued

I had better take my chance when it was offered me."

"I didn't know," said Becky in a small, ashamed voice.

**H**IS GRIN was wry. "I know you didn't. I couldn't believe it. Any other woman would have realised years ago, but not you. You went right on worshipping the memory of Tony Milane and looking neither to right nor left."

"I've been very selfish," she said remorsefully.

"Not unduly. A little blind, perhaps. You wouldn't listen to me or even see me as I was. I couldn't get through to you at all. And then you fell down that darned cliff and I knew it was all my fault."

Becky sat up very straight. "Rubbish," she said firmly.

He laughed gently. "Don't be kind to me, Becky. I know I was pretty unforgivable. If I hadn't made you so angry . . ."

"It had nothing to do with my being angry," Becky informed him. "I thought I heard you fall, but I realise now it was some night creature on the prowl, perhaps. It was a most unearthly noise, and I was horrified. So I went pelting down that path without looking where I was going and it was quite my own fault."

His fingers tightened on hers. "You might have been killed."

"Unlikely," she said. "And if I had been it would not have been your fault. I was the one who was stupid. When I said I couldn't endure second best—it wasn't Tony I was thinking of at all. It was your Miss Smart."

"Annabel?" In the blankest amazement, Charles stared at her. "But why?"

"You'd taken her to your island. She'd bought my clothes. You seemed quite devoted."

He stared at her, fascinated. "Didn't it ever occur to you, my love, that I never married Annabel Smart?"

"That didn't mean you didn't want to," she pointed out. "I thought you'd decided that you needed a guardian for Tessa and elected me for the job."

Charles dropped his head in his hands in mock despair. "And you really believed that rubbish?"

"It seemed the most reasonable explanation," Becky defended herself. "There was no other obvious solution. I couldn't imagine that you loved me."

He looked at her very steadily. "Why not?"

She stood up and went a little away from him, twisting her hands together in distress. "I—I've never been able to trust my own instincts," she confessed in a low voice. "I only half did, with Tony, and I was proved wrong. With you, I couldn't have borne it. I didn't dare let myself believe that you loved me in case it was just wish fulfilment."

"Becky, you're a fool," he said calmly.

"I know. Oh, I know, but I was so afraid."

"Of me?"

"Of putting myself in your power," she said soberly. "If you didn't love me. And I was nearly sure you didn't. After all, why should you?"

To her indignation she discovered he was laughing. He came to her, eyes gleaming with it, and took her in his arms. "Why indeed?"

Her head drooped on to his shoulder. "Well, why? When you've got Annabel."

"I have not," he murmured, kissing her ear thoughtfully, "got Annabel. I was briefly and unsuccessfully tackled last night but I got away. You should be proud of me! I think I made it fairly clear to her that as long as you were around I wouldn't be looking for substitutes."

"Oh," said Becky wonderingly. A glow, part delight, part triumph, took hold of her. Tentatively she raised her hand to his face, as she had never dared before. "Did you mean it?"

"Becky!" he groaned, cradling her against him fiercely.

**L**OOKING UP, she saw he was unduly pale, his face pinched with strain, his mouth thinned as if in a self-control excessive even in one of his disciplined habits. He was looking at her anxiously. Standing on tiptoe, she brought his head down and kissed him freely.

Charles caught her up hard against him and kissed her until she was breathless, laughing and vitally alive.

When she could speak, she said mischievously, "Does that mean that I get an engagement ring out of this after all?"

His brows rose. "I don't follow. What are you trying to say?"

"I am trying," said Becky glaring at him, "to ask you to marry me."

"Ah," said Charles. "Well, it makes a nice change."

She raised a vengeful hand, which he caught in mid-air.

"I accept," he said hastily.

THE END

© Sophie Weston, 1976

# TODAY'S TOP FASHION FABRICS

Available by mail order to the home dressmaker  
at manufacturers clearance prices!

Crimplene, Bonded Polyester, Linings, Brushed Nylon,  
Terylene Cotton Showerproofs, Quilted Dressing Gown  
and Anorak fabrics, etc.

Ladies, if you sew, send today for our brand new  
Summer Sale Catalogue containing hundreds of  
specially reduced fabric bargains — it's free on request;  
all you have to do is post the coupon and we'll send  
it along by return of post.



**Bradley  
textiles**

Bradley Textiles Ltd., Brook St., Nelson, Lancs BB9 9QE  
New Summer Sale Catalogue to address below

Name .....

Address .....

Post Code .....

DIAL-A-CATALOGUE/telephone 0282 68193 — today!

81

# NO AGENTS

**FIRST EDITION**  
AUTUMN/WINTER 1976/7

## FREE

GRAVES  
**Family Album**

**POST TODAY**

**Send now**  
for your OWN  
PERSONAL shopping  
catalogue. Hundreds of value  
packed pages, everything  
for you, your family and  
home. All available on free  
credit terms with over 9  
MONTHS to pay. That's  
almost twice as long as other  
catalogues offer.

**9 MONTHS FREE CREDIT**  
Everything guaranteed.  
Remember you've  
**NO AGENCY TO RUN.**

Please send me immediately, without any  
obligation, my FREE copy of the NEW EDITION  
Family Album catalogue.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Block capitals please) (I am over 18)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

L151AQ

(The right to refuse any application is reserved)  
Complete and post (NO STAMP NEEDED) to  
Family Album, FREEPOST, Bolton BL1 7YY.  
Catalogues for existing customers now being despatched

**NO STAMP  
NEEDED**

**Family Album**

**Beefburgers  
are much the same.**





# Until you cook them.



**Frozen.**



**Heinz.**

It's easy to recognize Heinz Beefburgers. They come in a can. They're not in gravy. They're amazingly beefy (a full  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. in every can). And they're larger than most.

Which, as you can see, is the way they stay.

**Bigger Burgers from Heinz.**



FREE POST  
AND  
GENEROUS  
DISCOUNTS  
on larger  
orders



Write now  
to Mrs. Stell

## FOR FREE BOOK

containing full range of samples of 554 hand and  
machine knitting wools, pattern books and  
leaflets for over 200 styles. Knitmaster machines,  
dress and rugmaking materials, gifts and accessories.

# FALCON - leading name in knitting WOOLS by POST

Over 550 wools in more than 40 qualities from only **10p**

Pure New Wool DK & 4ply..... from only 14p  
Superwash Wool DK & 4ply..... only 19 p  
Tricel/Nylon DK & 4ply..... NOW ONLY 12 p  
Courtelle/Nylon 2ply to DK..... from only 13p  
Acrylic DK & 4ply..... ONLY 10 p

Plus Randoms, Arans, Shetland styles, Chunky Tweed yarns,  
Cotton 3 ply, Lurex and rugmaking Thrums - and beautiful

**JAEGER Matchmaker Superwash**



from Falcon  
only... 43 p  
and NOW  
Catkin at  
only... 47 p

## Post Bonus Coupon

to R.S. DUNCAN & CO., Dept. X21 BRADFORD BD7 4QL  
enclosing two (2) 6p stamps for postage & packing.  
We will send your Falcon '77 Catalogue and 20p voucher.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

today  
**WORTH  
20p**

against your  
first order

ADVERTISEMENT

## PROCESSING ON KODAK PAPER

# Kodak

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK OF THE PRINT

\* **LOW PRICES**  
\* **KING-SIZE**  
\* **SILK ENPRINTS**



### No Quibble Guarantee

Our long established  
reputation (over 40 years)  
is your guarantee of  
satisfaction & protection.  
If you are not completely  
satisfied we will return  
your money.

HUNDREDS OF DELICIOUS COFFEES  
from our July '78 posterbag  
"such quick service"  
D Taylor, London SW16  
"very good quality"  
E J Humphrey, Vellingboro  
"courtesy and attention"  
D Marshall, Gillingham

**FOTOPOST  
EXPRESS LTD**

BRITAIN'S LARGEST AND  
MOST MODERN MAIL  
ORDER LABORATORY  
PO Box 2JG Oxford Street  
London W1A 2JG  
REG. NO. 568605  
London

LOOK!  
COMPARE  
OUR PRICES  
WITH OTHER  
ADVER-  
TISERS

No. of exp.	Regular shop price	OUR PRICE	Tick size sent
12	£2.52	<b>£1.15</b>	
20	£3.80	<b>£1.75</b>	
36	£6.36	<b>£2.55</b>	

Full credit for unprintable negatives

PLUS Save on replacement Kodacolor 128, 35mm or 110 20 exp. film only 78p extra

I enclose cheque/P.O. for £

Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed cost of material. We reserve  
the right to change finishes/materials subject to exigency of production.

Enclose film/s, remittance in a strong stamped envelope (We pay return postage) to:

**FOTOPOST EXPRESS** Dept WW PO Box 2JG Oxford St. London W1A 2JG

Name (CAPITALS)

Address



**FOTOPOST EXPRESS LTD**

## VIKING SONG

Continued from page 29

Thune came in search of Rowena.

"I would be easier in my mind if my wife did not go alone," he said. His fierce blue eyes commanded her. "It is not a long way, but she has never travelled on her own before. She could so easily become confused and lose her way."

"If you wish me to go to Telemark with her I will, of course. In the past two weeks we have come to know each other very well."

He nodded, looking relieved. "Thank you," he said briefly. "You will not be gone long."

It was a concession to her presence at Jarlsberg; to the fact that she would remain there till Sigmund arrived.

"I'll put a few things in my grip," she said.

Before Rowena had reached the staircase a second telephone call came through, which he took in the small business room on the far side of the hall. Agatha came running down the stairs.

"Is it more news?" she asked. "I am not yet fully packed, but I suppose I could go tonight. Oh, if Thor was here it would all be so easy. He would take us to Telemark overnight in that fast car of his, but I cannot ask my husband to leave Jarlsberg just now."

"I shall be going with you," Rowena told her. "If I can't meet Elsa, at least I can meet her husband."

Swift relief spread over Agatha's face and some of the sharp concern left her eyes.

"You are very kind," she said quietly. "We will go together in the morning."

Her husband came from the business-room. "You are not going to Telemark," he said, including them both in his brief appraisal of the situation. "That was Elsa on the line from Hankø. You are to go there and look after the children while she returns to Telemark. If there is no risk of infection, she will return and collect them in a few days' time to take them back to the farm."

Rowena drew in a deep breath. "How does one get to Hankø?" she asked. "Is it very complicated?"

"Not at all. From Fagernes you go straight through to Oslo without a change. It is a very sensible idea indeed. Elsa's place is by her husband's side."

NEXT MORNING, they motored along the edge of the fjord at daybreak, catching the first ferry across to the other side, where they joined a local bus full of young people who had been climbing in the mountains.

At Gol they bought their tickets for Oslo.

"Thor has timber interests on the Glomma River, and you will see the logs being floated down to the sea," Agatha told Rowena. "When he was a small boy, he used to press his nose against the carriage window, looking and looking, as if, even then, he was determined to float those logs himself one day, and now he does." Her admiration for her nephew shone in her eyes. "Thor works very hard to achieve his ambitions so we must not grudge him his success, but sometimes I wish that life had been a little kinder to him in other ways." She sat for a moment contemplating the past. "We think of him more as a son than a nephew," she added.

They ate a simple meal, urged on by the open hospitality and friendliness of the train conductors, who soon learned that



Rowena was visiting their country for the first time. The fact brought them a good deal of extra attention, together with much advice on what she really must see before she returned to Scotland.

At every swerve of their winding passage, abrupt changes of scenery confronted them through the wide observation windows: strange mountains, silvery lakes, cascading waterfalls and ancient farms, all reminiscent of Jarlsberg in their separate ways, making her eager to return. There was the thought of Sigmund, too. Supposing he should reach the Arlsfjord while she was away? That would be simple, she thought. Ludvig Thune would tell him where they were, explaining about the emergency which had taken them to Hankø.

Her eyes went back to the great river travelling beside them, and it was not too difficult to picture the youthful Thor sitting in his carriage seat spinning his dream of the future.

"When we reach Oslo we have to take another train," Fru Thune explained. "It is quite easy to reach, but Oslo sometimes bewilders me. It is so full of people."

Rowena smiled. There was a world of difference between gentle, distant Arlsfjord and the great city they were approaching, but there was excitement, too, in seeing the beautiful capital of a land with which she had already fallen in love.

The forest seemed to come right down to the city boundaries, clothing its many hills in a rich blanket of green almost to the water's edge.

As the train drew into the station Rowena stood beside the window, and then she saw Thor. He was waiting at the barrier, standing head and shoulders above everyone else, and her heart gave a great bound as she recognised him. Relief, she wondered, because he would take over the responsibility of getting them to their destination, or something far more personal she had been fighting against ever since they had met?

"Can that be Thor?" Agatha Thune asked, peering over her shoulder. "He has come to meet us, perhaps. It is the sort of thing he would do."

HE CAME towards them as they left the train. "I phoned Verdens Ende and Tomm Vaa had been to Jarlsberg," he explained, relieving them of their hand-luggage. "I thought I would save you the complication of the journey to Tonsberg, where Elsa had arranged to meet you."

For the first time he looked directly at Rowena, and she felt a tell-tale colour mounting to her cheeks. Of course, his presence at the station had nothing to do with her being there, but the fact that he was so near had the power to disturb her as nothing else could have done.

Most of the tension which Rowena had noticed in Agatha Thune's face had disappeared at her first sight of Thor. She smiled up at him, completely reassured as he led the way through the booking-hall to the street outside.

"I'll find a taxi," he said. "Wait here." "Thor, it is no distance to the harbour at Pipervika," his aunt protested. "We can easily walk."

Thor's smile was affectionately tolerant. "We are not going to Pipervika," he told her. "We have a boat of our own."

"Thor, not a new boat? You said you would never part with the Sea Wolf," Agatha protested, catching his arm.

"There is such a thing as being able to borrow a boat, or even hire one," he re-

minded her. "Here is our taxi. We must go!"

They were in the taxi before any further protest could be made, driving through the open-fronted Rådhusplassen, where the twin-towered city hall looked magnificently down on the busy quays.

The launch which Thor had hired or borrowed lay alongside a small quay which they approached over a number of railway sidings. The boat was trim and neat and spotlessly clean, the reflection of its white-enamelled hull gleaming on the water where it lay waiting.

When he had paid off the taxi, Thor produced a key and took possession, helping first his aunt and then Rowena to step aboard. His hand held Rowena's for a

moment longer than it need have done.

"Thank you for coming with my aunt," he said. "She is never quite sure about Oslo on her own. After Jarlsberg, it seems ready to swallow her up."

"It's perfectly understandable," Rowena answered. "This is a lovely way to travel," she added appreciatively, settling down in the deep well of the launch. "Much nicer than going by train."

"I had an idea you might like it," he said, "and it will save time."

The high-powered engine throbbed into life and they sped off in the wake of the busy little commuter-boats.

"Many Oslo people travel to the city from the communities of the fjordside,"

*Continued overleaf*

**This is a Vono Penthouse Revolver. And believe it or not, its beautiful Tweed upholstery is a stretch cover, specially made from Dralon yarn.**

It's not the kind of cover you'd find in any ready-made range, however. But a Custom Cover by Greens & Gill.

It's not unique. We make Custom Covers for all kinds of unusual furniture, like the Revolver.

And Tweed Dralon is just one of our beautiful new range of fabrics. Which also includes Tapestry, William Morris, luxury Wool Velour, Velvet Dralon, and many, many more.

You can see them all, along with details of our standard and tailor-made ranges, by simply Freeposting this coupon today.

Or by leaving your name and address with our answering service. 061-477 3120.

## A Greens & Gill turnaround



Post coupon to:  
Greens & Gill (Retailers) Limited  
Department WW, FREEPOST  
Stockport, Cheshire SK1 4YA

(No Stamps Required)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**dralon a suite difference in stretch covers**

**Greens & Gill**

## VIKING SONG

Continued

Thor explained. "It is so easy to live on one of the islands during the summer, where the whole family can sail and amuse themselves while Papa goes to work!"

Island after island appeared as they journeyed south, through the narrow entrance to the inner fjord and out to the wider reaches beyond. There were villas all along the shore on either side, clustered between busy satellite towns, and each spotless little house flew the national flag from its individual flagpole with evident pride. Some of these villas had their own wooden landing stage; others were served by a small community pier jutting out into the deep blue water of the fjord.

A ferry crossed their path, hooting importantly, while dozens of little yachts skimmed between the islands on the incredibly blue sea.

Thor looked at Rowena. "Are you cold?" he asked. "If you would like some tea there is a galley down below, and you will find some biscuits, I dare say. The launch belongs to Gunnar Onsted, who is a friend of mine. He is very fond of biscuits."

It was the Thor she remembered from her first trip on the *Sea Wolf*, a man in his natural element with his hand on a wheel and his steady eyes on the way ahead. If he had worn the horned helmet of his Viking ancestors she would not have been greatly surprised.

WHEN SHE had made the tea she carried it up on deck, passing one of the brightly patterned mugs to

Fru Thune and one to Thor.

"What about your own?" he demanded. "I'm going back for that. My third hand was a bit unsteady!"

He laughed at that. "You are enjoying yourself, I think," he suggested.

Rowena returned with her own mug and a packet of biscuits she had found in a tin, passing them to Thor, who was nearest, and then to his aunt. Their eyes met, and it was as if some sort of wall had been erected between them.

What had gone wrong? Rowena tried to think of something she had said which might have been wrongly construed, but it had been a perfectly normal conversation, except for the fact that she had smiled at Thor in mutual understanding for the first time.

Soon they were threading their way through a maze of islands with more and more yachts anchored in every Bay.

"We are almost there," Thor said, turning the launch towards the eastern shore.

"Elsa will be waiting for us," he added.

They approached one of the smaller islands with a tiny natural harbour on its eastern side sheltered by a wooded headland, and here three figures were standing on a ledge high above the bay. As the distance between them diminished, Rowena made out the slim figure of a girl in a light dress and two smaller figures clad in scarlet jerseys. All were fair haired and tanned a golden brown by the sun and sea.

After a brief moment of indecision, they began to wave frantically, the children jumping up and down in their obvious excitement.

"They've recognised us!" Agatha exclaimed, as all three came rushing down the cliff path towards the wooden jetty. "It must be a great surprise when they thought we would be coming with the ferry."

Thor guided the launch in to the landing-stage as three eager pairs of hands made ready to help them moor.

"*Velkommen! Velkommen!*" the children shouted above the sound of the engine, their sun-kissed faces wreathed in smiles.

Their hair was so fair it seemed to be white, and their eyes were incredibly blue. Thor's sister was tall and slim, with the same fair hair and mahogany-brown skin which was shown off to perfection by the duck-egg blue towelling dress and blue bandeau on her head. She smiled a brief greeting to her brother as she kissed Fru Thune.

"I tried to phone you," Thor told her. "You must have been on the beach."

"Only for half an hour," Elsa said. "It is amazing how easily one can choose the wrong moment to go out!" She paused, looking at Rowena. "It was good of you to come," she added, shaking hands before she turned to lead the way up to the white-painted villa on the side of the cliff. "It is such a pity that I am obliged to leave so soon. I have been looking forward to meeting you ever since you came to Norway."

"Thank you," Rowena felt genuinely welcomed. "I hope your husband will recover quickly once you get home."

Elsa smiled. "I will make it an order," she declared. "Meantime, it will be good for you and Grandma Thune to see something of the south coast. Already it is quite warm down here, and most of the boats are out for the season. If you can persuade Thor to take you, he could show you some of the islands off the Vestfold coast where it is as beautiful as it is here. He must be here *partly* on business, of course, but there is no reason why he should not make the island his headquarters, since he has borrowed Gunnar Onsted's boat."

Thor confessed to business commitments in Fredrikstad and Tonsberg, agreeing that it would be as easy to return by launch to the villa as to find an hotel in one or other of the towns.

"And far more pleasant," his sister pointed out. "I would also be comforted to know that my spirited offspring had a man's firm hand on the rein while I was away."

THE CHILDREN were delightful. With only a year between them in age, they looked like twins, and they vied for Agatha Thune's attention as if they adored her, although this time there was also their Uncle Thor to take up their attention.

When they had shaken Rowena solemnly by the hand, they marched on either side of Thor, plying him with questions until they reached the house.

The villa, perched on a rock terrace above the bay, was a delightful place, spacious without being too large, and built of wood which had been painted white. The pine floors were a deep honey-colour, as they were at Verdens Ende, but Elsa had dispensed with rugs.

"The children used them to slide on," she explained. "Everything is a great adventure to Peder and Hans!"

A meal had been set for them on the long pine table under the living-room window, which commanded a magnificent view out to the open water of the Skagerak.

Continued overleaf

## THE ROBIN FAMILY FOR SALE

The two Robin  
Families visit  
a lovely cottage



"WOULDN'T it be nice to live by the sea all the time," said Roley Robin to his sister, Rosemary, and his cousins, Richard and Rowena, as they were all playing on the beach at Sandhopper Bay.

"Oh, yes!" chirruped baby Rowena.

"That would be fun!"

Sitting on the beach behind the four little Robins, Mrs. Rebecca Robin and Mrs. Rock-Pipit smiled at each other.

"In that case," whispered Mrs. Rock-Pipit, "perhaps I ought to get the Captain to show you all a most desirable residence that is for sale just outside Sandhopper Bay."

"What's a 'desirable residence'?" asked Richard, overhearing.

"It means a house that everyone wants to buy because it is so nice," Mrs. Robin told him.

"Are you going to buy it then, Auntie?" Richard enquired.

Mrs. Robin laughed. "Oh, no. But we are going to have a look at it, just for fun."

So, the following morning, Captain Rock-

Pipit took the two Robin Families to see the most desirable residence—and very pretty it was too. It stood back a little from the beach and it had a red roof and yellow walls, and it was called "Lobster Pot Cottage".

"Oh, it is *charming!*" cried Mrs. Robin. "If we ever did decide to live by the sea, this is just the sort of cottage I'd love to have!"

"Of course," said the Captain, "it doesn't have a garden—at least not with grass—it only has a rockery, and paths made of shells."

"Well," chuckled Mr. Robin, "that would mean no lawns to mow. But even so, I don't think I would really like to leave the Woodlands."

"I know how you feel," replied the Captain. "It's nice to look at cottages and houses, but I don't think I'd like to live anywhere except the Old Boat House. As my old granny used to say: *East. West. Home's best...*"

And, of course, the two Robin Families quite agreed!

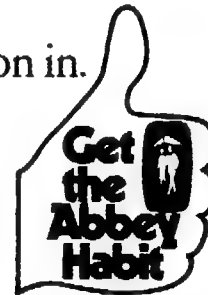


# The Feminine Security System



## How it works

1. Take money to Abbey National (it can be as little as £1).
2. Ask to open an Abbey National Share Account. You will be issued with an account book.
3. Your money will start gaining good interest from the very next day—with basic rate tax on that interest already paid.
4. Add more money whenever you can. It, too, will start gaining good interest.
5. Very soon your savings and interest grow into a whole lot of security—security that's always there when you need it.
6. So that like 1½ million other women, you will discover the real independence that Abbey National security gives.
7. Come on in. Today.



**ABBEY NATIONAL**  
for the security you need today

Over 400 branches (see Yellow Pages) open 9-5 daily PLUS Saturday mornings. No charges. Assets now exceed £4,000 million.  
Abbey National Building Society, Abbey House, Baker St., London NW1 6XL.

## VIKING SONG

Continued

"I'll change while you are having something to eat," Elsa decided. "The warm dishes are on the heated tray, Thor. Can you manage?"

Agatha Thune took over, settling the two little boys at the table, with Thor and Rowena opposite. Thor served the meat from the heated trolley, helping them to vegetables from the stainless steel dishes as if he had been born to the task. He said that he had been busy all day, organising the movement of a vast timber contract, but now he seemed willing to relax in the friendly atmosphere of his sister's holiday home.

The telephone bell rang as Thor poured out the coffee. "I'll take it," he offered.

He seemed to be away for a very long time, and when he came back into the room he looked straight at Rowena.

"It's for you," he said. "Sigmund is in Oslo."

Rowena rose unsteadily to her feet.

"In Oslo?" she heard herself repeating as if it was quite impossible for Sigmund to be there. "How could he be?"

"Easily enough." Thor looked at her with a cold light in his eyes. "He flew in from America this morning."

With a swift glance in Agatha Thune's direction, Rowena escaped to the hall where the telephone was housed in a small alcove near the front door. For a split second she stood quite still, looking at it, while a tumult of conflicting emotion rose in her heart. Sigmund here so unexpectedly! What was she to say to him when she would be in his arms in so short a time?

Her hand shook as she lifted the receiver.

"Sigmund? This is Rowena."

"You surprise me!" His laughing voice came clearly across the line. "Thor said you were there, but why Thor? I phoned Jarlsberg when I got in, and Lal told me you had gone to the island with my mother, but she forgot to mention our cousin, Thor."

"He met us in Oslo," Rowena hastened to explain. "He had borrowed someone's boat and it was the quickest way to get to the island."

"Certainly the most convenient." There was a hint of sarcasm in his tone, the old bitterness finding its way to the surface in spite of himself. "Thor is always in the right place at the right time. Is he taking Elsa into Tonsberg?"

"I believe she can catch a train there."

"How ill is Georg?"

"Nobody can be quite sure yet. If it is infectious, the children will be better off here."

"Which means you will stay." There was a brief pause. "All right, I'll come down there. Elsa keeps open house to everybody. Did I hear you say you would be glad to see me?"

"Certainly I'll be glad," Rowena assured him. "And so will your mother. She has been looking forward to your coming for a very long time."

**H**IS TONE was suddenly serious. "I know. Letters and phone calls aren't really enough."

"They are better than nothing. Would you like to speak to her now?"

"As soon as you have told me how much you have missed me."

"Of course it would have been—better if you had been here."

"Isn't that a bit negative?" he demanded. "Has Thor been saying his piece?" He sounded annoyed.

"Not about you. Please don't think that, Sigmund. Everyone wants you back at Jarlsberg."

There was a short silence.

"I find that difficult to believe," he said with a short laugh. "All right, you can tell everyone I'll be with you some time tomorrow. Unlike Thor, I won't have a boat of my own, so I shall have to depend on public transport. See you!"

"Sigmund!" Rowena exclaimed. "I'm sure your mother would like a word. Please don't hang up."

"Sorry!" he said. "I'd forgotten."

Rowena hurried back to the sitting-room where Agatha Thune was already on her feet, eagerly awaiting a summons from her only son.

"Sigmund would like to speak to you," Rowena said. "He's coming tomorrow."

Some time later they all walked down to the jetty in order to see Elsa and Thor away.

The two little boys clung to their mother's hands and she stooped swiftly to reassure them.

"I have told them to be good children," she said, straightening, at last, "and then we will all go back to Telemark together." She gave her aunt a confident smile. "They will do as you say because they love you," she added quickly. "I could not have left them with anyone else."

"We will look after them," Agatha Thune assured her. "Go back home without any fear."

Thor went on board first and reached out to help his sister.

"I'll stay the night in Tonsberg," he said.

# Birthday

Made in Britain

## A gift at the price



**PAUL**  
Brown only.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 6-12.

£3.99



**JEAN**  
Red or tan.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 5-12.

£3.99



**WILLIAM**  
Brown only.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 6-12.

£3.99

MADE IN BRITAIN BY

**Birthday**

FOR Saxone, Lilley and Skinner, Dolcis, Manfield



"Then I will come back early tomorrow to collect Rowena, and we can meet Sigmund's train in Fredrikstad and bring him over."

"Because there is something you must do in Tonsberg?" Elsa asked smilingly. "Some big deal you can put through, perhaps? Oh, Thor, you should give yourself time to spare and not always be rushing round in pursuit of success."

"Is that what I do?" He smiled in return. "Perhaps it is what I need most."

She looked at him, puzzled by his reply. "I thought when you came here," she said, "that—things might be different."

Thor bent down to start the engine, as if he had not heard. Rowena, his aunt and the two small boys were standing just above him, but it was at Rowena he looked as the launch moved steadily away. His grey eyes, which had been friendly and kind on the journey from Oslo, were now like cold steel, his firm mouth clamped into a stern, unrelenting line. Never, in the time she had known him, had he looked so determined, so unapproachable.

Once again he had been forced to help her, to make it possible for her to meet the man she loved, but he had done it with the utmost reluctance. He had agreed to take the launch over to the mainland in the morning to meet Sigmund's train, not for his aunt's benefit, but for Rowena herself.

She stood gazing after him till she could no longer see his face, and she did not turn away until the launch had disappeared behind the headland and was out of sight.

TO BE CONTINUED

© Jean S. MacLeod, 1976

## THE STRONG SON OF GOD

It was often Christ's energetic and decisive character that drew people to follow Him, says Canon Stephens

**J**ESUS ATTRACTED thousands of people and the Gospels tell us that "the common people heard Him gladly" (St. Mark 13: 37), yet today many people have a mental picture of Him as a rather pallid dreamer. A little study of the New Testament, however, will show a very different Jesus. He chose men of action to be His companions: fishermen from Galilee, Andrew and Simon; Matthew, the tax-collector, despised by his countrymen but one who was capable of making sacrifices if necessary; two others, James and John, were called "The sons of thunder" (St. Mark 3: 17). The more we consider the matter, the more convinced we become of the fact that Christ was vigorous and energetic and this drew people to Him. The directness of His speech bothered His opponents but the people said, "He taught them as One that had authority, and not as the scribes" (St. Mark 1: 22).

His stories are full of decisive action. For example, in the Parable of the Pounds, the servant who risked nothing was blamed but the others were rewarded (St. Luke 19: 12-26).

Jesus never suggested a policy of "sitting on the fence"—"He that is not with Me is against Me" (St. Matthew 12: 30).

With Jesus there was no place for the drifter or slacker—He looked for energetic



A delightful view of Gawsworth Church in Cheshire.

people who had decided what they wanted to do with their lives. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?" (St. Luke 14: 28).

The Scriptures put before us Jesus, the strong Son of God—One Who is full of the life He came to bring. He still calls those of firm purpose to follow Him and speaks to them with authority. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever" (Hebrews 13: 8).

# all leather uppers

in sizes and half sizes from 5-12

Give young, growing feet a firm footing with Birthday. All shoes are made with real leather uppers and sturdy moulded soles.

You can't do better at the price.



**FRANCIS**  
Tan only.  
Sizes and half  
sizes 7-12.

£4.49



**DAVID**  
Brown, or  
black. Sizes  
and half sizes  
6-12.

£4.49



**SUSAN**  
Tan, red or  
blue. Also black  
patent. Sizes  
and half sizes 6-12.

£3.99

Freeman Hardy Willis and Trueform Shops. Also Selfridges, Lewis's and other department stores.

# SUPERB SAVINGS

Look at the bargains we offer. Think of the savings you can make.

Look! 17 kitchen knives for under £2.50. And a full 44-piece stainless steel dinner set for under £6.00.

How do we do it? We buy direct from the factory and sell direct to you.

You get better quality goods from Pentland — at the lowest possible price. Check the money-saving bargains on these pages. Compare the prices. Order now — take advantage of these superb savings from Pentland.

## Kitchen Clock

7" Diameter round white clock with fully enclosed face, and centre second hand. Powered by 1½ volt battery.

**£4.75**

50p p & p



**£2.45**

50p p & p

## 17-piece Knife Set

Wooden handles, double rivetted in to fine quality stainless steel.

Includes left to right:

Carving Fork

Butcher's Knife

Roast Slicer

Carving Knife

Ham Slicer

Cook's Knife

\*8 Steak Knives

Sandwich Spreader

Grapefruit Knife

Paring Knife



## 24-piece Escondido Cutlery Set

6 Knives

6 Forks

6 Teaspoons

6 Dessert Spoons

**£2.75**

30p p & p

## Also available 44-piece Full Dinner Set

includes all the above PLUS

6 Table Knives

6 Table Forks

6 Soup Spoons

2 Serving Spoons

**£5.50**

50p p & p



**£4.50**

50p p & p

## 17-piece Kitchen Set

Wooden handles, double rivetted in to fine quality stainless steel.

Includes left to right

Potato Peeler

Paring Knife

Grapefruit Knife

Sandwich Spreader

Cheese Knife

Vegetable Knife

Tomato Slicer

Spatula

Knife Sharpener

Carving Fork

Carving Knife

Bread Knife

Butcher's Knife

Frozen Food Knife

Ham Slicer

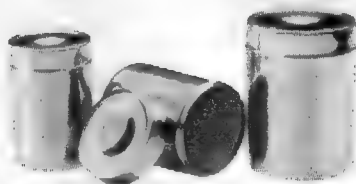
Cleaver

Wall Rack



# FROM PENTLAND

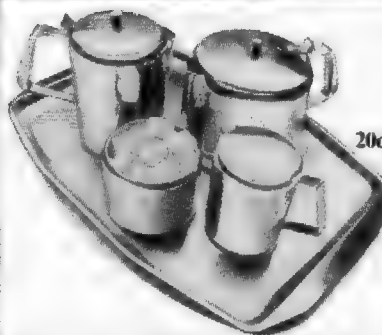
## 3-piece Stainless Steel Storage Containers



Ideal for keeping a whole range of kitchen staples from rice to coffee beans. Included are 6 FREE self adhesive labels.

**£2.95**

50p p & p



## 5-piece "Silver Grey" Tea Set

32oz. Tea Pot,  
20oz. Coffee Hot Water Pot,  
10oz. Milk Cream Jug,  
10oz. Sugar Basin  
10½" x 14½" Tray

**£4.45**

50p p & p

## Serving Dish with Lid

Stainless steel serving dish. Can be used for serving vegetables or makes an attractive hors d'oeuvre dish.



**£3.25**

50p p & p



## Whistling Kettle

Holds 3 pints of water, and has press-button lid. Whistles when boiling. Suitable for gas or electricity.

**£2.25**

50p p & p

**Money refunded  
if not satisfied**

If not delighted, send set back unused, within 14 days and we'll happily refund the money.

**Quality  
Goods  
Incredible  
Savings**



Registered in England (0711422)

You are welcome to call at our showrooms to examine or buy merchandise.

Open Mon-Fri 9am-5pm.

Sat. 9am-1pm.

Pentland Products Limited,  
155/159 Queens Road, Watford, Herts.  
(Near Watford Junction Station)

## ORDER FORM

To:- Pentland Products Limited, FREEPOST, Watford, Herts. WD1 8FP NO STAMP NEEDED

Item	Price per set (including p & p)	No. of sets required	Total £
Kitchen clock	£5.25		
24-piece Escondido cutlery set	£3.05		
44-piece Escondido cutlery set	£6.00		
3-piece Storage Containers	£3.45		
5-piece "Silver Grey" Tea Set	£4.95		
Whistling Kettle	£2.75		
17-piece Kitchen set	£5.00		
17-piece Knife Set	£2.95		
Serving Dish with Lid	£3.75		
Total £			

I enclose a crossed cheque/money order for £  
Limited. OR Please debit my Access/Barclaycard account

In full payment, made payable to Pentland Products



Account No

Signature

Please fill in both coupons in block letters

Name

Address

Name

Address

Please allow 14-21 days for delivery. Applicable to U.K. and Eire only. Prices effective 1st September 1976

WW/4/9/76

## GREEN SHIELD MILLIONAIRE COMPETITION RESULT

**H**AVING CONSIDERED all entries in the "Green Shield Millionaire" Competition, the judges decided that the best entries received were a number of identical attempts which listed the qualities of women's magazines in the following order of importance to the average woman reader:

1st—L; 2nd—J; 3rd—E; 4th—D;  
5th—B; 6th—K; 7th—C; 8th—A.

All senders of this selection were then judged on their reasons for their choice of favourite women's magazine. The ten winners, each to receive 1,000,000 Green Shield Stamps, are: Mrs. C. M. Armitt, Salford; Miss C. J. Bosworth, Blackpool; Mrs. B. Clayton, Leeds; Miss F. E. Dinsmore, Belfast; Mrs. F. Evans, Lincoln; Mrs. C. A. Friend, Southampton; Mrs. M. W. Hobden, Dover; Miss S. A. Lockwood, Purfleet; Mrs. C. Mitchell, Huddersfield; Mrs. B. J. Williams, Llanelli.

## MIX YOURSELF A REALLY GOOD DRINK.



THE  
'GET YOU WELL'  
COMPLAN—  
A regular cup  
helps put you back  
on your feet.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S COMPLAN—  
Helps keep you going all the day.

THE BUSY MAN'S COMPLAN—  
A little extra energy to do your job.



Most people start taking Complan when they are ill or convalescing, because it supplies them with all the balanced nourishment and goodness they need. But there are many other times when a regular cup of Complan can prove to be the perfect answer,



THE OVER 50's COMPLAN—  
Helps give you all the daily goodness and  
nourishment  
you need.



when you're off your food, when you feel run down, or simply when you need a little extra energy, and we all need that once in a while.

So try a regular cup of Complan morning, noon or night and see how much better you'll feel.

**Complan: in sickness and in health.**

## ALL LOVE IS SWEET Continued from page 17

Eyes on Grandpa, mesmerising him, she added, carefully, "If you are thinking of taking a kitten, we have one left from Rosebud's last litter. It is three months old and quite house-trained. I think Rosebud gets a bit tired of him. Black," Milly said. "Black all over. I call him Tulip. If you would like to examine him, you know where we live."

Grandpa nodded, then took Emma and the children off for tea. Neil said he would drive Clancy and me home. When we arrived, there on the porch was Richie Marston, the boy next door. He wasn't playing cricket for a week or two because he had strained a tendon, and he didn't like fêtes, so was at a loose end this Saturday. He greeted me as if we had not met for months, not just this lunchtime. He swept me into his arms, hugged and kissed me.

When I introduced Neil, Richie said, "Sack her from that job, for my sake. She's a country girl at heart, aren't you, love? I never seem to see her, these days, long enough to ask her to marry me."

This was something I hadn't heard him say, before. And I knew why. Jealousy, annoyance because Neil had brought me home. I told myself that Neil wouldn't take much notice. I certainly didn't. I gave them both tea. Richie asked me to have dinner with him that evening at an hotel on the coast, and I said I would. Neil had to drive back to the fête to pick up his sister, and when we said goodbye he looked hard at me and then smiled, and I knew he understood what Richie had been up to.

**T**HAT WEEK, back at work, Peggy told me that Gillian was fuming about girls who deliberately went out to try to take other girls' men. "I am not a *femme fatale*," I said. "Nor a vamp, nor a siren. I simply haven't the looks. But I do like a lift home in this hot summer weather."

But the next weekend I went down by train, and was glad to because I didn't want to make trouble. When I got there, Tulip, the black kitten, was already in residence. A carefree, will-o'-the-wisp creature, like a leaf dancing round the house, into this room and on to the next, getting under your feet, into your heart. A delightful kitten. Not to Clancy, though. My mother said that when it dawned on Clancy that the newcomer was permanent, not someone who had just dropped in for a meal, he had been very quarrelsome, hissing like a goose, advancing threateningly. The kitten had teased by running up the curtains, something the stout Clancy had not done for years. Now Clancy sulked.

Milly tried to get him into a better frame of mind, but even she could not do this to order, though she greatly admired him and told him so, often. She said he only needed a turban with a feather and a jewel, and he would look like the Grand Cham of Tartary. "It's his slitty yellow eyes," she said. Clancy's eyes were like yellow jewels, bright and shining.

This weekend, Emma asked me if I knew Gillian Somers.

"Not well," I said cautiously.

Emma sighed but didn't carry on.

And this weekend my mother told me that Richie was leaving. He was going to teach in Wales. I said absently, "Well, that isn't far. Down the motorway, over that lovely bridge, and there you are."

She said, "Not Richie, then?"

Continued overleaf



# MARGOT LANG TAKES YOU SHOPPING

Beauty comes from within, so they say. And of course it is true that if you eat the right foods and take care of yourself generally, your eyes will sparkle, you'll be the right shape and your complexion will be good. But the over-thirties need extra help. Try taking **W-5 Tablets**—they contain a unique serum which acts from within. By a natural process they help to achieve a clearer, fresher-looking skin. **W-5 Tablets** contain no hormones or drugs so they are perfectly safe to take. Don't cover your skin with thick make-up to hide its imperfections. Try **W-5 Tablets**. Write for a free booklet "The Problems of Ageing Skin" from Dept. WW9, Milesden Ltd., P.O. Box 24, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.



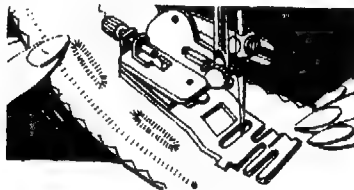
Before you think of hearing aids consider whether your impaired hearing may not just be due to hardened ear wax. In which case **Earex** can often solve the problem. Doctors say one of the commonest causes of "deafness" can be blocking by wax. Over the years—bit by bit, hardly noticed—the wax blocks up the passages in the ears, until the sufferers believe they are "going deaf"; and it's particularly common in the elderly. **Earex** is a really simple way to remove stubborn ear wax. (Of course, if you're really worried about your hearing, you should consult your doctor). **Earex** is available at chemists everywhere, for about 30p. So few people realise how important regular ear hygiene can be. A little regular hygiene with **Earex Eardrops** will usually prevent the building-up of hardened wax that can cause hearing problems.



Do you suffer from painful skin cracks and splits in the colder weather? Especially on the hands and fingertips? If you do, then you'll be glad to know about **Lotil**, a specially formulated non-greasy cream that soothes and heals tender cracked skin, and very important—reduces the risk of infection. You'll find that regular use of **Lotil** keeps skin soft and smooth, and helps prevent cracking even in the coldest weather. It's especially effective for use after washing up. **Lotil** is distributed by Fassett & Johnson and is obtainable from all leading chemists.



**Buttonholes...** I like sewing and make clothes for myself and the children, but I just hate working buttonholes. Now I have a de-luxe **Netra buttonholer** overlocker and can recommend this ingenious sewing machine attachment. It makes all size buttonholes, does overlocking, blind hemming, seam finishing, zig-zagging, etc. Fits hand, treadle or electric machines. Send P.O. or cheque for £2 (plus 25p postage) for 7 days' trial, no more to pay—money refunded if not satisfied. Value House (ML15), 349A Whitehorse Road, Croydon, Surrey.



If you're holidaying at the end of the season, remember to take **Carmil** with you. It is a sensible precaution, because 'Continental tummy' can ruin a holiday. **Carmil** soothes and copes with pain and diarrhoea, and is excellent for treating gastric flu, colic, gastro-enteritis and mild food poisoning. Even if you don't normally suffer from stomach upsets, you might meet some foreign germ that your system hasn't had to cope with before. **Carmil** can be given to children over six. Have it ready to dose the victim at the first signs of trouble. Of course you will call the doctor if symptoms persist, but usually **Carmil** is all that's needed to put things right.



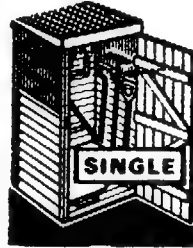
**Greasy hair** can be a real nuisance at holiday-time. Have you ever noticed how warm climates and sunbathing can bring out the worst in greasy hair? You spend hours washing and drying your hair, and in no time at all it's greasy again. That's why I take **Aero-Dry** five minute shampoo with me on every holiday now. It dries-cleans your hair in minutes, and is really easy to use with the special 'side-puffer-pack'. Take a tip from me; take **Aero-Dry** shampoo on holiday, and get more time to enjoy yourself. **Aero-Dry** shampoo is available in a new, large size, from most chemists for about 36p—enough for several shampoos.



**Sure Shield Fruit Flavoured Laxatives** have been a popular family remedy for nearly 50 years, and it is nice to know that children do not pull faces or spit them out when they have to take them! They are flavoured with real raspberry juice. Even the best-regulated systems may need a little help sometimes, and constipation can be caused by many things—late nights, change of food, illness. **Sure Shield Fruit Flavoured Laxatives** come in tablet form and they are safe and effective. You can buy them at chemists everywhere in a handy tube for 16p or in a family pack for 28p. It's wise to have some in the medicine cupboard.



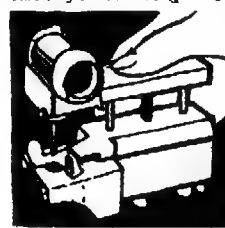
**Small gardens** often have little room for a shed, but most of us need storage room for deckchairs, garden tools, lawn mower, etc. The cleverly designed **Mini\*Shed** solves this problem. It needs only a 3 ft. wide passage or corner, yet has amazing storage space. It comes in easily assembled sections, looks neat and is only 5 ft. 4 in. high. The price, including floor is only £27.90 for the **Mini\*Single**, £44.90 for the **Mini\*Twin**, plus VAT and carriage. (Prices at time of press.) Door position to suit your wishes. **Mini\*Sheds** are obtainable from the manufacturers: **F. Selby Ltd., Dept. M.W.W.9, Leagrave Works, London E5**. For brochure—write or phone 01-985 0114 (24-hour service).



Many people start thinking of redecorating and furnishing at this time of the year. If you have a **Cintique**, **Parker-Knoll** or **Ercol** chair that needs a new cover you can buy it beautifully tailored from **Lyn-Plan**. They use the manufacturers' original specifications, and there is a wide choice of fabrics, patterned and plain. Write for free colour brochure, price list and samples. The address is **Lynwood, Dept. 43 Imperial Way, Croydon CR9 4LP**, or telephone 01-681 1831.4. If you'd like to see them for yourself, call in at their showrooms at 14, Mulgrave Road, Sutton, Surrey (closed on Mondays).



Always on the lookout for new gadgets I came across the **Dexter Miracle Stitcher**. It's a pocket-size sewing machine which you hold in one hand—that sews, bastes, hems, zig-zags, sews on buttons and even zippers. It means you don't have to drag out your big sewing machine for smaller jobs. The **Miracle Stitcher** is really efficient. It locks the stitch cuts the thread and takes any size spool of cotton. It has a five-year guarantee and you can buy it for 5.25 (plus 35p postage and packing).



Send for free details or 7-day trial (send £5.60 no more to pay) to the **Notions Co., Dept. L36, Avon House, 360 Oxford Street, London W1**. They will refund your money in full if not delighted.

**Machine Knitters** all over the country are finding they get really worth-while bargains from **Cone Knit of Bradford**. The yarns are on cones and are superb quality. A soft, luxurious **Botany crepe**, choose from 4-ply or D.K., is only £1.05 for 200 grms. (about 7 oz.) and there are excellent **Super Acrylics**, too. 4-ply is 85p and D.K. 90p for a 200 grm. cone, and D.K. in hanks is 85p. Hand-knitters who are eager to enjoy these bargains can be accommodated, too, because **Cone-Knit** will gladly supply extra ounces in balls. Do send your address and 10p in stamps for your free samples and shade patterns. Write today to **Cone-Knit Spinning Co. Dept. W1, Prospect Mills, Wilsden, Bradford 15, W. Yorkshire**.



## Continued

THE WEEKS of that hot, dry summer drifted by. Then Gillian had a birthday and decided to celebrate in style. She was, she said, inviting her friends to an all-day party at her home. They were to come for lunch on Sunday. There was the swimming pool, the tennis court. They would organise a scratch cricket match in the meadow, a barbecue in the evening. It sounded munificent. She asked the men she wanted to ask, and all the girls except me. Peggy said she was certain Gillian's engagement to Neil Fraser was only a matter of time. This party was obviously part of a well-planned campaign to bring him to the point of proposing. If this was true, then I was glad Gillian hadn't invited me because I would have hated to be a witness to his enslavement. But it was a dismal feeling to be odd man out. I was glad to be going home on Friday.

On Saturday morning, Milly and I searched for Clancy, and Milly somewhat surprised me, strong character that she was, by saying she felt responsible. It was she who had introduced Tulip into our home.

"Caroline, are you going to marry Neil?"

I didn't answer aloud. I just shook my head.

"We would like you in the family," she told me.

Perhaps it was the loving little sentence, I don't know, but tears, which were close these days, spilled over. Milly for once exercised tact. She ran off, calling for Clancy at the top of her voice, and when she returned I had mopped the tears up.

After lunch, Milly went home, saying she had something important to see to. Knowing Milly, we didn't question it. In the afternoon, Richie sought me out. He asked me to marry him and go to Wales with him. Now I love Wales and I like Richie, but I said no. He said "Oh—" and not much more. "You will

be all right,' I thought. 'I shan't use the conceited phrase—you will get over it. But it won't be long before you will be bringing some pretty, dark-eyed, dark-haired Welsh beauty here to meet your family.' Richie Marston wouldn't carry a torch for any girl.

But I, I was afraid, was doing just that.

When Richie left, I went back to search for the cat and I found him. He was, of course, ready to be found because he was where I had searched a dozen times before. I went out of our back garden gate and crossed the road to where the common began. I stood this side of the ditch, and on the other side was Clancy.

"Welcome," I said coldly. "For your information, Tulip is staying. You don't have to worry," I added, "Grandpa loves you more than a dozen black kittens. You know he does. There is only one cat for him. Love is a wonderful thing. Don't muck about with it—"

I made to jump the ditch and grab him. I didn't, because I was crying again and I fell into the ditch and got up muddy and dirty and wet.

"I'll get Clancy——" Neil said from behind me.

I turned, and forgot Clancy. I went straight into the man's arms. I went where I wanted to be. I forgot Gillian and her birthday party and her miserable attitude towards me. I clung to Neil as if I never wanted to let go, and he pushed my hair from my face and kissed me. And this, to go back to the start of the story, is where I grew up. We left the ditch and went to sit on the grass, near to his parked car.

I snuggled close to him and said, "What are you doing here?"

"Why shouldn't I be here?" he said. "Where my girls are. All of them. You and Emma, Milly and Trish. Then there's Patrick. The people closest to me in all the world."

So I wept again, but for joy this time. He gave me his clean white handkerchief and I tried to repair some of the damage. He said directly, "Were you asked to this party of Gillian's?"

I didn't answer and he said, "Oh, never mind——" and on those words Gillian faded away for ever. I suddenly remembered Clancy and looked round. "He's gone home, up the path," Neil said. "And never mind Clancy, either. Marry me, Caroline. When?"

"As soon as possible," I said.

Two proposals in one afternoon. But I didn't mention Richie.

Continued overleaf

## A collection of various Christmas decorations and toys arranged on a white surface. In the center is a tall, blue, lit candle. To its right is a white teddy bear with a purple bow. To the left of the candle is a small, colorful, stylized figure of a person with a star on its head. Further left is a round tin with a Mickey Mouse face. In the foreground, there are several small, colorful houses and a small, red, toy-like car. The background is dark, and there are some other decorations, including a small, white, star-shaped object and a small, white, house-shaped object.

Choose your gifts and cards this year from the wide selection of delightful things in the Save the Children Catalogue, and you will be sure of giving great pleasure. Pleasure to the one who receives the gift, and even more to a child you will never know.

The Gift and Card Catalogue has a wealth of unusual, attractive and well-made gifts for all the family, at prices from 7p to £12.50, and many of them well under £1.

Enjoy your giving—twice over. Send for a copy today—or visit our shop at 49 Dorset Street, London W1.

To: S. C. F. Trading Dept., P.O. Box 40, Burton Trent, Staffs.  
Please send me a free copy of the  
Save the Children Gift and Card Catalogue.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address

2 WW

## Save the Children





# For your real comfort with style.. choose



*Portland*  
a shoe of quality

★ Enjoy the comfort of real leather uppers.

★ Select from a wide choice of styles, colours and heel heights.

★ Portland - the specialists for over 100 years in  
wide fitting styles from D - EEE.  
Most styles from sizes 2-9.

★ Feel confident in  
BRITISH MADE Shoes.



**style 760 Pru**  
Up to the minute styling  
in a smart T-bar shoe. Price £10.95\*

**style 261 Eve 2**  
Real leather court, elasticised  
for perfect fit and wear.  
Price £10.95\*



**style 543 Fawn 3**  
Soft, flexible and casual  
for easy day-long wear.  
All leather uppers. Price £11.95\*

You know PORTLAND  
You know you can trust PORTLAND —  
— the brand for quality, comfort and style.

Fill in and post the coupon for your  
FREE stockists list and colour catalogue  
featuring 48 different styles of Portland  
shoes and boots for the wider leg.

\*Recommended retail price.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME .....

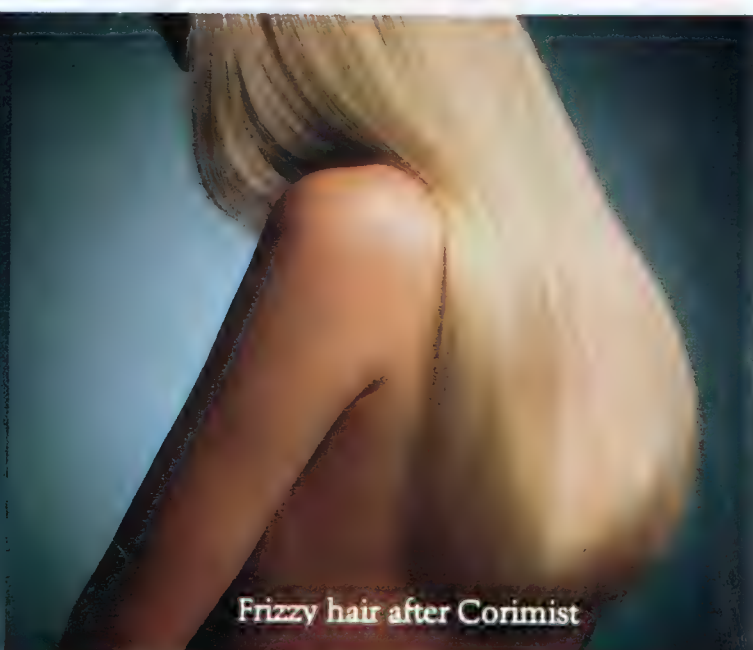
ADDRESS .....

Portland Shoes Ltd., (Dept. WY) Gateway St.  
Leicester LE2 7DL Tel: (0533) 56112

# WHAT WE DID FOR THEIR DRY HAIR WE CAN DO FOR YOURS.



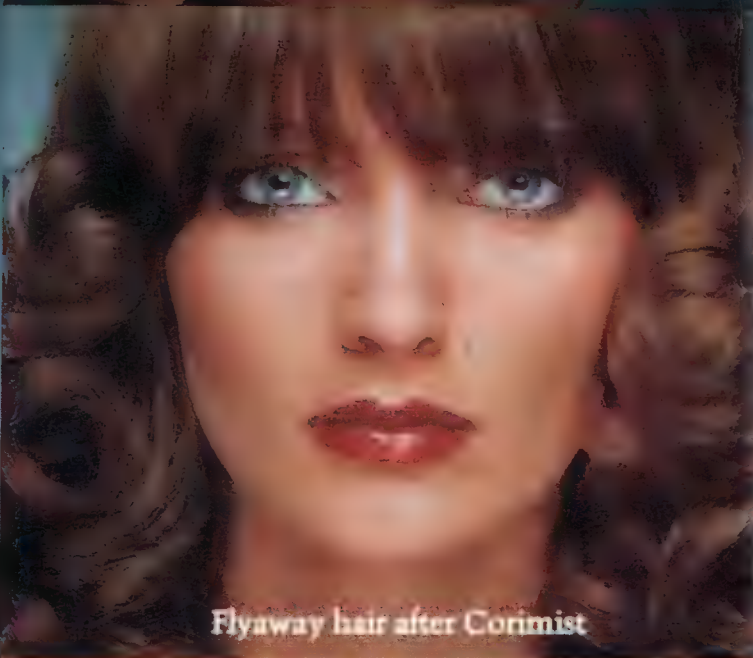
Dull, lifeless hair after Corimist



Frizzy hair after Corimist



Unmanageable hair after Corimist



Flyaway hair after Corimist

Dry hair can be a problem. Or  
dry hair can be beautiful.

Corimist makes the difference.

That's because Schwarzkopf  
have made the Corimist range  
exclusively for dry hair. So every  
one of the 7 Corimist products  
—from shampoo to conditioners to  
hairspray—is devoted to making

dry hair soft, healthy, manageable,  
and very beautiful.

Only a company with the  
international expertise of  
Schwarzkopf could make a range  
like Corimist.

And only a range like Corimist  
could make such a beautiful  
difference to dry hair.



by Schwarzkopf

**Corimist makes dry hair beautiful.**



## ALL LOVE IS SWEET

Continued

ON THE WAY to the house, Neil told me he had meant to come down later this evening. But he had planned to ask me to marry him before the weekend was over. "Milly telephoned. Her timing, like much about Milly, was fantastic. I had been in the flat about three minutes when she rang. She said you were crying and when I asked why she said she thought you were in love and didn't know what to do about it. So I said I would come down right away. But when I had rung off, I thought it might be Richie. I tell you, Caroline, I would have put up a fight—"

"It was never Richie," I said. "You know that."

He said he had thought he knew it, but a man in love, so many miles away, is an unreasoning creature. I told myself I would remember Milly all my life. But then, Milly would see she wasn't forgotten.

Grandpa, in the kitchen, watched Clancy tuck into his food. Tulip came in, danced up; Clancy snarled; Tulip pretended to take fright and jumped on to the window-sill. A blackbird took his attention and out he went into the garden. We could hear the blackbird teasing him.

"He will be all right now," Grandpa said, nodding at Clancy. "He's made his gesture. It was his pride, I suppose. Pride is a big thing with us old 'uns," he said and smiled at Neil and me. "A delicate thing, too. Easily hurt." Then he said I looked as if I could do with a bath and a change of clothes.

I nodded. "But before I change, Grandpa, we have something to tell you. You are the first to know."

And we told him.

He kissed me and shook Neil's hand and wished us happiness. 'Oh,' I thought, 'I am grown up, all right. I feel half-way to being a married woman, already!'

Then Grandpa quoted—he is a great reader of poetry—"All love is sweet."

"That's nice," I said. "And true. Is there more?"

"Yes. 'All love is sweet, Given or returned. Common as light is love. And its familiar voice wearies not ever.'"

"Who wrote it?"

"Shelley."

We left him then, with his cat. Afterwards, Grandpa would sit in his favourite chair on the veranda, and Clancy, cruelly heavy, I am sure, would jump on to Grandpa's arthritic knees, and there they would rest, two old 'uns . . .

Tulip left the blackbird and came looking for Clancy. I picked him up. "Leave them alone," I said. "Let them have some peace. You come with us."

So, carrying the kitten, we went in search of my father and mother to tell them the news.

'It is true,' I thought. 'All love is sweet, and we are better people for it, the world a better place. The love of a man for a woman, a mother for her children. An old man's love for his cat.'

I looked at Neil. 'And I love this man,' I thought, 'and shall, always.' I might as well have said it aloud. He understood and kissed me again.

THE END

© Mollie Chappell, 1976

## TO ORDER YOUR PATTERN featured on pages 16 & 17

Fill in coupon in capital letters, then cut it out and send it with a cheque/postal order for the appropriate amount made payable to IPC Magazines Ltd., and crossed " & Co." to WOMAN'S WEEKLY, Pattern Department (252), Rochester X, Kent ME99 1AA. The pattern cannot be supplied without the voucher. It is available only until March 4, 1977.

PATTERN	PRICE	SIZES	TOTAL ENCLOSED
Woman's Weekly B669	38p		

Name.....  
(in block letters)

Address.....  
(in block letters)

.....

.....

From Woman's Weekly, Pattern Dept. (252), Rochester X, Kent ME99 1AA.

-----Please cut round broken line-----

## TODAY'S BEST VALUE IN ROMANTIC READING

Superb stories, superbly told with drama, passion, tenderness and gaiety that will go straight to your heart. Take your pick from three superb Library series. At 10p a complete novel, there's no reading value to touch them!

### Woman's Weekly Library HOSPITAL ROMANCE SERIES

All the warmth and realism of a world where love and human duty sometimes come into conflict. Eight new titles every month.

### Woman's Weekly LIBRARY

This is what living and loving are all about—exciting, exhilarating, gay and sad by turns. Twelve new titles every month.

### Woman's Weekly Library HISTORICAL ROMANCE

All the colourful passion and gallantry of the past, brought to vivid life by today's most popular authors. Two new titles every month.

## WOMAN'S WEEKLY LIBRARY SERIES

the complete novels  
that fit your handbag!

**There's a big selection at  
your newsagent now**

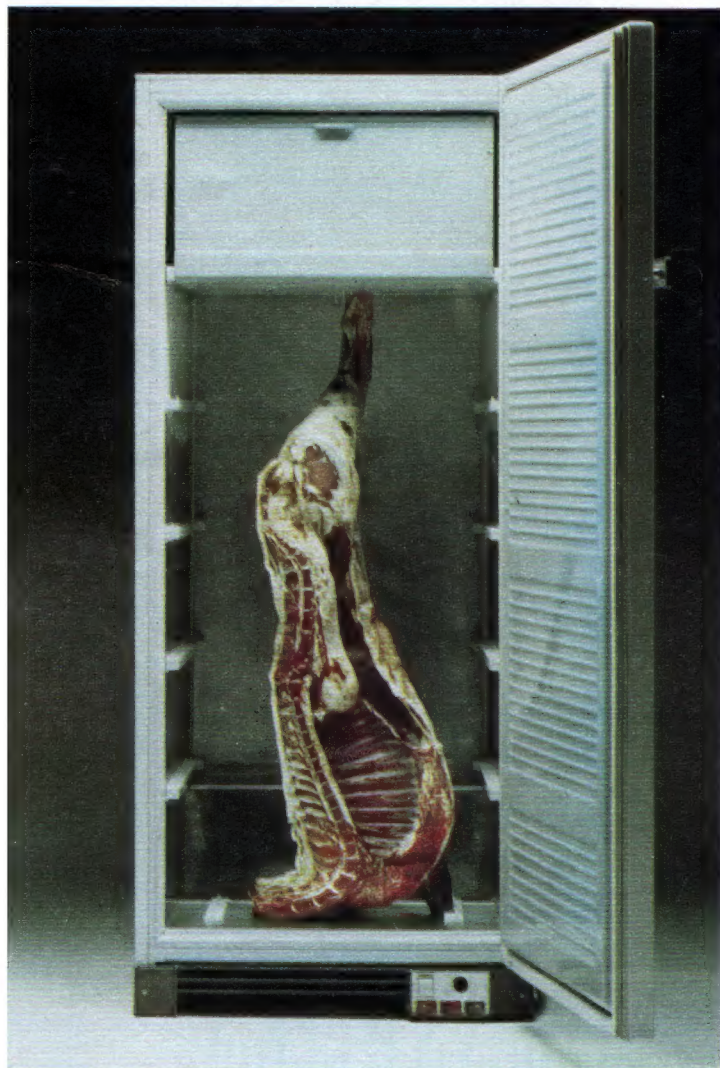




**PHILIPS**

# **Philips don't expect you to adapt to your freezer.**

## **Your freezer should adapt to you.**



Philips believe the housewife has enough to do in the house without having to work overtime in her freezer.

Which is why, when you open a Philips upright freezer, you'll find the storage baskets come away in your hand.

To be more precise, they're mounted on rails. So you can slide the odd basket out to make way for the odd shape of some foods. Or more drastically, remove all of them together to make the very most of your cold storage space.

Of course, it's not every freezer that can boast this kind of consideration for housewives. But then, of course, it's not every manufacturer who considers the housewife. For a free colour brochure and details of your nearest Philips stockist, write to Philips Electrical Limited, City House, 420-430 London Rd, Croydon CR9 3QR. Telephone: 01-689 2166.

Simply years ahead.





# Mary Marryat advises



If you need the advice of a sympathetic friend, write to Mary Marryat, at Woman's Weekly, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a confidential reply. Please remember that several weeks elapse before answers to letters can appear on this page

## UNSATISFACTORY LOVEMAKING

*I am eighteen and have just got married. When my husband and I make love, I never seem to reach an orgasm. We have tried almost everything, including different positions and techniques, but they don't seem to work. Is there something wrong with me? My husband is very patient and understanding and we are willing to try anything.*

MRS. C.H.

A good deal is written today about sexual technique and the importance of sexual satisfaction, and the modern bride is far better informed than her great-grandmother—or even her mother—was. A lot of apprehension and anxiety is saved as a result, of course. On the other hand, there is more than one kind of anxiety, and some girls make themselves unhappy imagining something is wrong with them, simply because they haven't experienced instant satisfaction. You are still a teenager, with your whole married life in front of you. There's no need to be in too great a hurry.

I suggest that you go on experimenting with different techniques, but don't think on the lines of having to press the right switch to achieve an orgasm. Instead, try to show warmth and consideration for each other in your lovemaking, enjoy learning about each other's bodies and giving and receiving physical signs of affection.

If, after some time, you don't feel any happier about intercourse, it would be a good idea to talk things over with a marriage counsellor. However, I suggest that you wait a little while, as the problem may very soon solve itself.

## CONFLICT OVER CHURCH

*I was not baptised as a child and quite recently I plucked up courage to approach the vicar about it. He has arranged for me to attend instruction classes to enable me to be baptised and confirmed at the same time and I am very pleased about this, except for the fact that my husband is singularly unsympathetic. He openly objects to my going to church once a week and spending the hour during the week at instruction. The atmosphere before I leave and on my return can be cut with a knife.*

*We have no children, as we both have to work to make ends meet, but he seems to want to spend his life watching TV and expects me to be content to do the same. It is not even as if he is an atheist: he does "believe", but not to the extent of doing anything about it. I feel my husband's open hostility to something which is very important to me, is pulling me two*

*ways at once. Do I give up this strong conviction I have, just for the sake of a quiet life, or do I persist and hope that at some time in the future he will understand?*

KAY

It is not uncommon to feel a certain amount of resentment—perhaps almost fear—about a change in a loved person. Strange though it is, a husband may seem to be almost as uneasy about his wife developing religious interests as about her taking up drink or gambling, and wives may react in a similar way to a change in their husbands' interests. It is probably a subconscious fear that "everything is going to be different", that "she won't feel the same way about me".

I don't honestly feel you can give up such an important matter of conscience. Nor can you say that you will not be changed at all as a result—but you can ensure that the changes are all for the better.

I also suggest that you consider your husband's comfort and feelings as much as you can, perhaps going to services at the hours which fit in best with the way he likes to spend his Sundays, even if these are not those you would otherwise choose, and being particularly companionable when you come back.

I think it is very likely that sooner or later your husband will understand. No doubt in the meantime you will pray about it.

## A FOOLISH APPROACH

*My boyfriend and I have been going out together for a year and he comes round to my house three or four times a week. I know he is fond of me, but he hasn't asked me to marry him. Would it be very silly to get myself pregnant? I don't think I will get him any other way.*

DAYDREAMER

Yes, it would be very silly. Anyway, what makes you think you would "get him" in that

## Words that I will remember

Time is a flowing river. Happy those who allow themselves to be carried, unresisting, with the current. They float through easy days. They live unquestioning, in the moment.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

It is more pleasant to pluck an apple from the branch than to take one from a graven dish.

OVID

way? It seems more likely that if he doesn't really love you, you would be left "holding the baby". If he does love you, then he will probably ask you to marry him sooner or later. However, it would be thoroughly irresponsible—and a great risk—to consider finding out whether or not he loves you by getting yourself pregnant.

Since you are not engaged, there isn't the least reason for you to sit about at home waiting for him to come round. Haven't you any other friends and outside interests? I shouldn't think it would do your boy friend any harm to realise that you are not always available when he happens to stroll round. If he had to make a little more effort to arrange a date, it might occur to him that you may not always be waiting.

I suggest you stop thinking in terms of "getting him". I don't suggest, of course, that a girl ought to "play hard to get", but it isn't a bad idea for her to have some sense of her own value as a person.

## TO V.W.P.C.

You must certainly not take contraceptive pills which your boy friend has given you and which have not been prescribed for you by a doctor. It was very wrong and foolish for him to give you these, because the contraceptive pill has to be prescribed and it is not suitable for everyone. Of course he is breaking the law by having intercourse with a girl of only fourteen.

It is certainly not true that you are "now no more than a common prostitute", my dear, so you must not imagine that. You need to make up your mind to behave sensibly, and you would be wise to talk to some experienced person who can help and advise you. As you live in Cambridge, I suggest that you write to the Cambridge Advisory Centre for Young People, 33 Clarendon Street, Cambridge, asking if you could have an appointment to talk over your problems. If you prefer, you can telephone 0223 55003, between 11 a.m. and 12 noon on Monday or Saturday or between 7 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday or Thursday. A counsellor there will be able to give you helpful advice in strict confidence.

## TO MARY FROM NOTTINGHAM

Your doctor is the proper person to advise you about your problem, and you should tell him how worried you are about your husband. Even though he may be very busy, I am quite sure he would not consider you were "bothering" him.





# brings a new look to Stretch Covers



**The deep pile Moquette look**

Another first for Easifit! Luxury stretch covers in world famous Crimplene. 'de Milo' is a stunning addition to the already comprehensive range of Easifit stretch covers. An exciting, attractive fabric - 'de Milo' is knitted from a carefully balanced blend of Crimplene and Bri-Nylon. Superb quality, it looks and actually feels like prime upholstery yet performs tremendously as a stretch cover.



The deep pile moquette look, available in five tasteful colours, enhances any decor and will keep your furniture looking like new for years. But don't just take our word for it, see and feel the quality for yourself. Send today and see over 40 FREE fabric samples of the full Easifit range in many famous name fabrics (without any obligation whatsoever) plus full details of your special money saving offers.

## **SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY MONEY SAVING OFFERS**

On the Crimplene moquette look for a limited period only. Many more money saving offers on every quality in the vast Easifit range of stretch covers.

• Direct from the factory to save you £££'s

• We actually knit the fabrics and make Easifit Stretch Covers in our own factory.

• All carry the famous Easifit No Risk Double Guarantee.

(Illustrated:

'de Milo' in Crimplene.

Just one in the vast Easifit range of stretch covers designed to fit almost any style of furniture).

### **Many other fabrics to choose from**

including the exciting self-patterned Capricorn range in 100% Blue 'C' Nylon

• Cottage Style Chair Winged Chair £3.75  
2 Seater Settee £4.95

**£2.50**



Standard Style Chair 2 Seater Settee £7.05  
3 Seater Settee £7.95

**£3.25**



Modern Style Chair 3 Seater Settee £9.30

**£5.05**



• Queen Anne Style Chair 2 Seater Settee £9.80

**£6.05**



Winged Style Chair 2 Seater Settee £7.95  
3 Seater Settee £9.30

**£5.05**



\* Prices include cushion covers

## **Post coupon for your 40 FREE ACTUAL FABRIC SAMPLES**

Please send me my free fabric samples and details of the **SPECIAL MONEY SAVING OFFERS!**

without obligation.

Post to: EASIFITCOVERS CO, (Dept WW43), Hawk Mill, Store Street, Shaw, Oldham OL2 7TP.

Name .....

Address .....

**Easifit**

**The Stretch Cover Masters**